



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NO. 1.—OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING HON. CARL SCHURZ, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, ON THE INDIAN SITUATION AND HIS LATE VISIT TO THE RED MEN.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 149.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in sending subscriptions for any of our publications, should be careful to direct their letters plainly to FRANK LESLIE, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, in order to insure their safe delivery.

We give in the present issue the first of a series of illustrated interviews with our eminent public men, which it is proposed to continue as a special feature of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. These interviews will in all cases relate to topics of immediate public interest, and will constitute a really valuable contribution to the current history of the times. The initial interview, with Hon. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior, relates to the present state of the Indian question and his recent experiences among the Sioux. The views of the distinguished Secretary, who, in point of scholarship, intellectual ability, and integrity of character, deservedly ranks among our foremost public men, are expressed with characteristic clearness and force, and will be generally commended, as we believe, as both statesmanlike and humane. If the Indian question is ever satisfactorily solved, it must be substantially on the basis of the policy which Secretary Schurz has initiated and maintained with inflexible determination in the face of a most formidable opposition.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

THE success of the Republicans in Ohio will not be a matter of surprise to intelligent observers who have watched the drift of events and the current of public opinion in the country during the last few months. Just as little will the triumphant election of Mr. Foster as Governor of the State, and the signal defeat of General Ewing, deserve to be regarded as a matter of regret to any with whom the rise and fall of parties are considered as means to ends, rather than as ends in themselves. To consistent Democrats it should indeed be a cause of just regret that their party in Ohio, since the first appearance of Mr. Senator Pendleton as the champion of the greenback which he had discredited in the hour of its birth, has been caught in the meshes of an evil destiny which has led it on from defeat to defeat in every critical conjuncture. But to consistent Democrats, who believe that adherence to sound principle is better than a temporary triumph purchased at the expense of truth and righteousness, it should be a cause of gratulation rather than of repining that the ineptitude of the Democratic leaders in Ohio has been set in such a clear light as to make them a warning to the rest of their political confederates.

It must be confessed that the Democrats of Ohio have been slow to profit by the school of experience through which they have passed during the last few years. Where the discipline has been so harsh nothing but a strange fatheadedness or a surprising indocility of temper can account for such stolidity of political understanding. When in 1875 the late Governor Allen led his party under the Caudine Forks of a most humiliating defeat, by betraying them into the camp of the soft-money fanatics, we had hoped that the road to political disaster had been sufficiently "blazed" by that eccentric movement, to guard against the repetition of it by the Democrats who should come after him. For the lesson taught by that adventure was emphasized by the result of the Presidential election at the following year, when the man who had become the Governor of Ohio through the defection of the Democrats from their hereditary principles on the currency question was selected to be the standard-bearer of his party throughout the whole country.

It, therefore, seems to us little less than a sign of political infatuation on the part of the Democratic managers in Ohio that in this year of grace, when the resumption of specie payments "is in the full tide of successful experiment," a Greenback politician like General Ewing should have been chosen to lead the Democratic forces in the gubernatorial campaign. To bid for votes at the sacrifice of principle is always as hazardous in point of expediency as it

is questionable in point of public morality; and while we do not doubt the honorable character or impugn the political sincerity of General Ewing, who honestly believes in the Greenback doctrine he preaches, it seems difficult to conceive that old-time Democrats like Senator Thurman should have lent themselves to the support of these heresies without liability to the charge of a blameworthy recreancy.

It is not pleasant to point these trite moralities at the expense of a statesman so able, learned and enlightened as the distinguished Senator who, before the advent of Mr. Pendleton and of "Pendletonism," was the acknowledged leader of the Ohio Democrats. For long years Mr. Thurman has been the Ajax Telamon of the Democrats in the United States Senate. "In all assaults he was their surest signal"—until the evil day when he began to speak smooth things and prophecy deceits at the instance of the Greenback element in the Democratic ranks. Before that evil day he had set his face like a flint against the popular delusions which prevailed on this subject, delusions which at that time were more rife in the Republican than in the Democratic Party.

There is something inexorable in the political justice which is no respecter of persons. No length of valued service on the part of a tried and trusted public leader can purchase immunity from the consequences of a grave political blunder. The vulgar maxim, that "Republics are ungrateful," has this element of truth in it, that the people, under representative institutions, can never allow their gratitude for past services to stand in the way of an enlightened regard for the public interest of the present or the future. It is the duty of the statesman to keep his eye perpetually fixed on what Canning called "the line of safe change," and to walk on that line with an eye that never blanches, or that turns to the right hand or the left in search of "the thrift that follows fawning."

When the Democratic leaders have been so slow to learn the lesson of wisdom as they have proved themselves to be in Ohio, it would be idle to predict the effect which the late Ohio election will have on party formations in that State. But it is pretty safe, we imagine, to predict that the Eastern or Hard-money wing of the Democracy will now regain its ancient ascendancy in the national councils of the party. The "Greenback craze" has nearly spent its force, let us hope, in the bosom of the Democratic organization, as it has nearly spent its force in the Republican organization. There was a day when the Republicans claimed to be the true, original, Simon-pure Greenbackers of the country, and when they challenged public approbation by that omen. It is a source of regret to us that this Greenback leaven has not, even yet, been entirely purged from the Republican body, as it is still more a source of regret that it should have leavened the whole Democratic lump during the late Ohio canvass. If it was not pleasant to see a strong man like Senator Thurman grinding as a blind Samson in the mills of the Greenback Philistines, it was also far from edifying to listen to a Republican statesman like Secretary Sherman claiming before the people of Ohio "to be a better Greenbacker than the best of them all." To defend the resumption of specie payments (as Mr. Sherman did in the late Ohio canvass) on the ground of the "inflation" to which it has led—an inflation in paper, an inflation in silver, and an inflation in gold, is to defend resumption on the ground of its perils and not of its safeties. It is to purchase a temporary increase of votes at the cost of that provident and sagacious statesmanship which looks before as well as after; it is to commit for the future the fatal mistake which the Democrats of Ohio have committed for the present. It remains to be seen, then, whether the Democrats will be able to reform their shattered battalions within the lines of their old hard-money intrenchments; and it remains, too, to be seen whether the Republicans, with the prestige of their victory in Ohio, will now advance to that higher ground on which alone they can maintain the position they hold.

THE BUTLER SOUP-STONE.

IT is proverbial that the idle and vicious often waste as much time and exhibit as much ingenuity as, if rightly applied, would enable them to earn an honorable competence. Two professional wanderers—one in Michigan and one in Massachusetts—furnish a pair of examples in point. The Michigan wanderer, unwashed, ill-clad and constitutionally tired, awoke from his *siesta* by the roadside and approached a thrifty farmhouse, where he hoped to obtain his evening repast. "I don't work none, ma'am," he said to the woman, who answered his sturdy knock, "but I don't beg neither. I'd scorn to beg. I fetch my own food—in this here soup-stun." And he took a small, smooth white stone from his pocket. "All I ask for, ma'am, is a pot of blin' water—and 'tain't much." Surprised at this novel variety of tramp, the

woman put on the fire a pot of water, in which he carefully placed the stone and watched it anxiously. "I ken see the soup-stun oozin'!" he said, glancing into the aqueous depths. And, as it came to a boil, he added, "now a little salt, jest to fetch out the flavor of the stun." Salt was furnished. "Now a pinch of pepper—jest a pinch!" Pepper was brought, and the woman was much interested in the result. "A onion, now—that's all." The onion was forthcoming. "Except a leetle mite of pork," he added, "bout ez big ez a match." A good slice of pork went down to visit the mysterious soup-stone. "Ha'n't a pertater in the house, hev' you?" he asked, thoughtfully, as he stirred the broth. A potato was found. "Ef I had just one leetle sprig of summer-savory!" he murmured, sadly; and the sweet herb was added to the whole. "A soup-stone allus tumbles to them ingrediences!" he exclaimed, with admiration. "I s'pose I've had a hundred soups outer that one stun. It's just ez soft ez dough down there now, the juices oozin' from it like anything; but it turns hard agin the minute you lift it out." Then he ladled his soup and ate it with a relish. "Thar!" he said, rising, with a satisfied air, "I'll give you that stun for the use of your pot; I can git another. Allus keep it in a red woolen bag; you can bile it and git soup any time. But don't forgit the little mite of pork, ma'am, for the soup-stun tumbles to pork;" and as he walked out the front gate he slyly called: "An' the more pork you put in the more it tumbles!"

The professional wanderer of Massachusetts moves around quite as confidently as he of Michigan. Impudence is his magical soup-stone. He exhibits it to all the State Conventions, and declares that he needs nothing except a trifle of seasoning "to bring out the flavor." The wanderer has secured a badly damaged pot in which to try his experiment, and the question is whether Massachusetts contains gullible people enough willing to furnish the "ingrediences."

IRISH LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

THE agitation going on in Ireland on the grave subject of the tenure of Irish land grows every day more formidable. Mr. Charles Stuart Parnell, a Member of Parliament, a Protestant, a scholar and an orator, who seems to have succeeded to Dr. Butt's place as the chief of the Irish Nationals, is everywhere instigating his countrymen to combine, and to resist—by unusual methods, to say the least—the legal authority of the land-owners. Mr. Parnell has been received everywhere with unmistakable demonstrations of enthusiasm; thousands have gathered to hear and applaud him—thousands of distressed and oppressed tenant-farmers and peasants; bishops and priests have sanctioned these revolutionary meetings by their presence and eloquence; and thus the Irish heart seems to have been thoroughly fired. The situation, it needs but a glance to see, is full of gravity and peril. The grievances which have caused it are real and almost desperate. Mr. Parnell is able to point to poverty and privation all around him to justify his appeal, and thrust it home to the hearts of his hearers. Bad crops and American competition combined have served to make this year a most disastrous one to the poor Irish farmer. He has found it impossible to make both ends meet. His earnings have been scarcely enough to feed and clothe his brood. But there stands the great landlord—or, worse still, the great landlord's inexorable agent—at the door, demanding the rent with unfailing regularity. The tenant has been well taught by hard experience to perceive that this rent must be paid before the winter's supply of potatoes is secured, the patches on the wretched roof of his cot repaired, or the ragged breeches of his boys are replaced. The alternative is—eviction. The tenant-farmer has seen his neighbors, now and then, turned into the muddy road on bleak Autumn or Winter days, with a resting-place nowhere on the round earth. He knows what eviction means, and the mere thought of it strikes the poor wretch to the soul with terror. No matter whether his father and his grandfather before him tilled this petty patch from which he himself has forced a living (God knows how scantily, miserable) ever since he could put hands to spade or plow, the rent must be wrung from the pitiful quarterly earning or he and his must go.

It is not now, perhaps, as bad as it was with the Irish small farmer twenty years ago. Then, he may have scraped together enough in the years to build a little barn, to inclose his fields with modest fences, to construct a pigsty, or to erect hay-covers; and yet, if he failed in a single quarter's rent, he might be thrust into the road without notice, and these results of his own expenditure would revert to and become the property of the landlord. Mr. Gladstone did much to abate this evil when he extended "Ulster tenant right"

to the whole of Ireland, so that an evicted tenant might claim compensation for the unexhausted improvements he had made on his farm.

But the difficulty of securing this compensation remained, and still remains. It is easy to imagine that a penniless farmer, turned off his land, is scarcely able to go to law for it; law costs money, and here is a penniless man pitted in the law against a magnate rolling in riches. If he succeeds in getting his case before a jury, it is before a jury picked by a county sheriff, and the county sheriff is a typical representative of "property." The evil, therefore, to a very large degree, remains. Irish tenants are still evicted, and often get no pay for their unexhausted improvements. Moreover, that which was just barely sufferable in prosperous times has become absolutely insufferable in times like the present.

Mr. Parnell's remedy is nothing less than revolutionary. Let the tenant-farmers combine throughout Ireland, he says, and refuse to pay rent; then we will see if the absentee landlords can draw up an indictment against a nation; we will see if Ireland can be evicted from herself. Such a combination is quite possible, and, if made, will present perhaps the most serious of all the serious Irish questions with which successive British administrations have had to deal. Many propositions of compromise are already made. One suggested plan is to apply the surplus of the funds derived from the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church to the purchase of the waste-lands of Ireland, which are to be parceled out by the Government to evicted farmers at nominal rates. Another is, that the land should be owned in partnership by the landlord and farmers, or peasants, and that the Government should make loans to the latter by which they might gradually pay for their share of the landed property. A third is that the landlords should be thus entirely bought out and a peasant proprietary, like that in France, created in Ireland. The difficulties in the way of each proposition are enormous. The first would be but a limited and temporary relief; the landlords might refuse to sell their land under the second and third; while the British taxpayer would surely grumble at the expensiveness of either of these schemes.

The fact that something must be done is about as far as British statesmanship has got. Meantime, the agitation is a fast-rising tide, which may become a storm or revolt. Then there will be nothing for it but the old hard remedy of martial law and the suspension of the *habeas corpus*. But the Irish question must still be deeply and anxiously studied by English rulers. After all, it is more threatening and more chronic than the fate of Afghanistan, or even the Russian banking after Constantinople, and is more full of seeds of evil for the future of the British Empire.

AN ARCTIC ARCADIA.

THE story of Nordenskjöld's Arctic expedition as told by himself to a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, in Japan, is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the regions traversed by the daring explorer. It is especially interesting in its descriptions of the race of men who were found in the eastern division of Siberia, and who carry on a considerable commerce with the American Continent. These people are known as the Tschuktschi, and, while paying a sort of tribute to Russia, admit no allegiance to any Power. They have no government, no laws, and practically no religion, and are said to be so well disposed that the need of a ruling authority is never felt. "The foreigners of Nordenskjöld's expedition were on terms of intimacy with thousands of them and never saw or heard of a single case of quarrelling among them. Perfect harmony prevailed in the villages and families. Women have great influence and are treated by the men in all respects as their equals and with much politeness and deference." The language spoken by this tribe is peculiar, and, as far as has been yet determined, shows no affinity to others. Their features are less Mongolian in type than those of the Esquimaux; the hair is generally black and the complexion light; the young women are often fair, handsome, and of symmetrical proportions, while the men are taller than the average height attained by full-grown males. They subsist chiefly on the meat of reindeer, bears and seals, and fish and vegetables. During their brief Summer they collect a quantity of vegetable food and store it for Winter use. A dainty with them is the stomach of a reindeer, killed when the beast has fed to repletion. The belly and the herbage it contains are cooked together and eaten with great relish. "They possess a few guns, are familiar with gunpowder, and have in use some American axes, knives and pots. Very little foreign clothing is employed by them, their garments being almost exclusively of skin. The nation probably numbers ten thousand souls, of whom one-half inhabit the littoral between Tschau Bay and

Behring Strait, and the other half dwell in the interior of the country." In every respect, they appear to be an Arcadian people, and the correspondent who supplies these particulars does them no more than justice when he says: "A people without chiefs and without criminals, experiencing no difficulty in the distribution of the product of their joint exertions in fishing or hunting, whose sole sign of pride of wealth or fancy is the possession of a boat a little larger than ordinary, may well deserve the respect they have earned from Nordenskjöld and his party, and prove fitting subjects for further ethnological study."

EVENTS ABROAD.

GENERAL ROBERTS'S triumphal entry into Cabul, which took place October 12th, was apparently a very tame affair. The enemy appear to have been effectually dispersed in the pursuit which followed the engagement of the 6th, and the British force entered the city gates without molestation of any sort, most of the influential residents making haste to pay their respects to the victor immediately upon the completion of the occupation. The Ameer is under close surveillance, owing to the growing suspicion that he has been playing a treacherous part throughout. This suspicion seems to have been strengthened by the discovery that the leaders of the mutineers included many of his most trusted friends. General Roberts, in an address to the populace, announced that the city will be severely punished, that a heavy fine will be imposed on the citizens, and all buildings interfering with proper military occupation destroyed. General Hill has been made military governor over the city and country within a radius of ten miles. All the inhabitants under his jurisdiction were required to surrender their arms within a week on pain of death. A late dispatch says that Bala-Hissar, the citadel of Cabul, has been blown up, with a loss of twenty-seven British and a number of Afghan lives. Some of the tribes still show violent hostility, and a number of Afghan regiments were, at last accounts, moving against the British.

The relations between England and Russia seem to be approaching a crisis. It is reported that at a recent interview between Count Schouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador, and Lord Salisbury, a proposition of the former that Russia shall have the jurisdiction of the western part of Afghanistan, while England shall take possession of the eastern part as far as the Hindoo Koosh, was declined by Salisbury in the most emphatic terms. Lord Salisbury is stated to have declared that England would not allow Russia to meddle in any way whatsoever in the matter, and that the future of Afghanistan will be settled by England exclusively. Count Schouvaloff then proposed various other plans of settling the Central Asiatic difficulty, but all to no purpose, Salisbury refusing to consider any of them. It is possible that this account of the interview may exaggerate the real facts of the case, but there is no doubt that the feeling of mutual distrust and jealousy between the Powers has been greatly strengthened by recent events. In a speech at Manchester, October 17th, Lord Salisbury spoke of Russia as "a Power whose aggressions threaten the happiness and independence of the world." Later accounts as to the Russian expedition against the Tekke Turcomans, indicate that it sustained a serious check at Geok-Tepe, and is likely to prove a failure for the present; and it is suspected that a knowledge of this fact has had a good deal to do in determining the decisive attitude of the British Government. It is also rumored that assurances have been received from Persia that in the event of a war with Russia, the Shah will not take active sides against England.

We have commented elsewhere upon the anti-rent disorders in Ireland. Five hundred tenants of the Marquis of Sligo and the Earl of Lucan have pledged themselves to pay no rent until a reduction should be granted proportionate to the great fall of prices of all kinds of agricultural produce. At a great Home Rule meeting at Belfast, Mr. Parnell made an inflammatory address, and resolutions were passed declaring that the establishment of a peasant proprietary was the only practical and final solution of the land question. Mr. Parnell will visit America next November.

The Communists who owe their lives and presence in Paris to the clemency of the Republic are, with characteristic effrontery, abusing the privileges accorded them in stirring up tumult and disaffection. At a recent Communist funeral the red-handed leaders of the Commune were spoken of as the "heroes who saved France," and the sentiment was applauded to the echo. It is intimated that on the reassembling of the Chambers a proposal for plenary amnesty will be presented, but it is not believed that it will have any chance of passing. The Cabinet has decided to issue an order directing the local authorities to suppress all Communist and other illegal de-

monstrations. In a recent interview with the new Papal Nuncio, President Grévy stated that the maintenance and strengthening of the good relations existing between France and the Holy See was the object of constant solicitude to the French Government.

The Boers, who have vigorously demanded independence, have been informed by Sir Garnet Wolseley that the annexation of the Transvaal is irrevocable. They still persist in their demand, but they have lost their opportunity and will be compelled to submit. Had they struck in co-operation with Cetewayo, instead of standing neutral, they would probably have secured concessions which are now out of the question.

Fresh evidence of the good relations existing between France and Germany is furnished by the fact that the German Emperor had a protracted private interview with the French Ambassador at Baden-Baden a few days since.—Field-Marshal Von Moltke has reported to the Emperor, as the result of his recent inspection in Alsace-Lorraine, that a considerable increase of the military defenses will be necessary.—The suffering among all classes in Constantinople in consequence of the political and financial crisis in Turkish affairs still continues. Robbery and murder are deplorably prevalent, and grave apprehensions are felt that the coming Winter will be marked by the worst evils of destitution and anarchy.—The condition of Asia-Minor is still unsatisfactory, in consequence of disagreement between the European inspectors and the Turkish officials and bad administration of justice.—A conference of representatives of the peace associations of America, England, Germany and other countries will be held at Naples October 26th, to advocate a simultaneous partial disarmament throughout the world.—Recent floods in Andalusia, Malaga, and other sections of Spain, did great damage. Several villages are in ruins, railways are destroyed and crops devastated. From Murcia the Governor reports that the loss of life will exceed three hundred.—Lord Derby will hereafter, it is said, openly affiliate with the Liberal Party.—Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily," has vindicated her reputation against the sneers and libels of *Town Talk*, a so-called society paper, by causing the arrest of the editor, who, upon being brought into court, made an abject apology, and confessed that he had no ground for his scandalous statements. His charge was that Mr. Langtry was about endeavoring to obtain a divorce suit from his wife, and that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and other individuals were mentioned as co-respondents. The prisoner is still in jail awaiting trial.

The latest "Ohio Idea"—twenty thousand majority against the Greenback heresy—will prove a very important factor in the politics of 1880.

A NATIONAL emigration scheme, looking to the diminution of competition among miners, has been agreed upon at a conference representing 140,000 miners of Great Britain. The scheme consists of a system of small weekly subscriptions; subscribers after a certain time to ballot for chances to emigrate. Those coming to America will receive \$30 and passage money; those going to Australia or New Zealand, \$60 and passage money.

The Republicans of the Tenth District of this city have nominated Mr. Wm. W. Astor for the State Senate. Mr. Astor served with marked credit in the Assembly, and would, no doubt, add to his reputation in the higher capacity for which he is now named. If both parties would in all cases put forward their best and worthiest men, as in this instance, the character of the public service would soon cease to challenge the unfavorable criticism to which it is now so widely exposed.

The school statistics of New York for the month of September show a registry in the Grammar and Primary schools of 127,480 pupils, with an average attendance of 115,377, the largest monthly attendance ever reported. The evening schools for the week ending October 10th show an enrolment of 11,688 scholars, with 269 teachers and 31 principals. These evening schools are attended mainly by children who are employed during the day and who have no opportunity to acquire an education other than these schools afford.

The result of the Ohio and Iowa elections has given a marked impulse to the Republican canvass in New York State and Massachusetts. It has obviously weakened the bolt against Mr. Cornell, and the leaders in the disaffection will find it difficult to hold their own against the natural inclination of the mass of the party to drift with the tide. Some of them, by their course, have already destroyed and lost their standing and influence in the party; and whatever may be the result of the contest, there will be in both parties a good many "dead ducks" among those heretofore prominent in leadership.

A FORTNIGHT since fifteen persons were killed and two hundred injured by the fall of a stand at an agricultural fair at Adrian, Michigan. An investigation showed that the owner of the premises had employed incompetent architects

and builders, and had neglected entirely to assure himself of the safety of the building before opening it to the public, and the coroner's jury having, in view of the facts, recommended that these persons be held on criminal charges, they have been arrested and will be tried for manslaughter. This is as it should be. The reckless indifference to ordinary precautions of safety manifested by managers of places of entertainment and recreation, is an evil of such wide extent and grave proportions that nothing short of the imposition of the very severest penalties can extinguish it or properly express the public disapprobation of those who are responsible for its existence.

The subject of technical schools and their relation to the industries of the country is attracting increased attention among the more thoughtful friends of education. The *Tribune*, in a recent article, says of it:

"It is not unlikely that the solution of the much-discussed problem of industrial education lies in the establishment of well-equipped and thoroughly-taught free technical schools in every city and large town. The cutting off of the superfluities which now only lead to 'vener and sham' would save large sums which could be put to no better use. To these schools could be sent those children who by natural bent would belong therein. There is no danger but that sufficient time could be found both for an improved public-school course and a technical school course. That changes are on the way to be made is very evident in nearly every State.

SOME time since an attempt was made to assassinate the colored Postmaster at Blackville, South Carolina. An investigation of the facts of the case shows that the outrage had its origin in partisan mendacity, the Postmaster being obnoxious on account of his politics, and that the local authorities apparently sympathized with the perpetrator of the assault. These authorities having done nothing to bring the offender to justice, the Postmaster-General proposed to arraign him in the United States Court, but an examination by judicial experts reveals the fact that no law exists by which crimes against the persons of postal officials can be tried in these courts. This, to say the least of it, is a curious condition of affairs. No matter what outrages may be perpetrated upon postal officers anywhere in the Union, the perpetrators—if the local authorities choose to remain indifferent—cannot be brought to justice. If this isn't offering a premium to crime and violence, it is stupid impotence, and in either case, the situation is a disgraceful one to a law-abiding and order-loving people.

THE Sherman Presidential "boom" appears to have exhausted its force. Even in Ohio its momentum is gradually diminishing. Senator Blaine is apparently in the Secretary's own State the more popular man of the two. In his recent campaigning tour, the progress of the "gentleman from Maine" among the Buckeyes was marked by continuous ovations, tens of thousands of people assembling to hear him wherever he was announced to speak. In Iowa his reception was marked by the same demonstrations of enthusiasm. At Chariton, every street had arches and decorations in his honor, and the number present at the meeting which he addressed was estimated at 40,000, covering two acres of ground. Mr. Sherman has nowhere elicited demonstrations of enthusiasm at all approaching these popular manifestations in honor of Mr. Blaine, and yet the former is credited with being diligently at work as a Presidential candidate, while the latter has done nothing whatever in that direction. Indeed, Senator Blaine refuses utterly to discuss the subject of the Presidency in connection with himself, and there is some reason to believe that he proposes to maintain this attitude—leaving events to take their course without any attempts whatever to manipulate them in his interest. There is no doubt, however, that he is the most popular of all the Republican leaders, and should the effort to force General Grant into the field fail or be abandoned, no candidate in the next National Republican Convention will have greater national strength than the stalwart Senator from Maine.

THE foreign trade returns of New York for the month of September show the largest aggregate of both imports and exports in the history of the port. The total importations for the month amounted to \$57,745,971, being \$32,479,148 over last year, and \$32,934,769 over 1877. The exports for the month amounted to \$36,712,231, being \$4,237,188 over 1878, and \$6,074,800 over the previous year. Specie and bullion figure most prominently in the heavy gain in importations and amount to within \$2,781,613 of the total value of the merchandise entries of all kinds; while in exports, grain shows the heaviest increase. The total importations from January 1st to the close of September, amounting to \$278,001,719, show a gain of \$20,232,835 as compared with the corresponding period of 1877. In the total value of merchandise and specie exported we have an increase of \$32,778,856 compared with the same period of 1877, while compared with last year there is a decrease of \$7,278,444. This falling off from last year occurred during the first six months, the total for the last quarter showing an excess of \$4,444,615. The outward movement of merchandise promises to be very large henceforward, and the exports for the year will probably reach as high a table as those of 1878. The importation for the nine months just closed are \$10,129,109 in excess of the exports, whereas for the corresponding period last year, the exports exceeded the imports by \$45,100,000. The specie import for the month amounted to \$27,482,179, of which \$18,206,301 comes from Germany and France, \$6,968,092 from England, and \$2,307,796 from the West Indies and South America. In the importations for the nine months of the year, drygoods show an increase of \$7,475,944 over 1877.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

It is reported that James Redpath, the Lyceum manager, is at Jamaica, W. I.

FOREST-FIRES have done great damage in Ontario, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

THERE has been a reduction of \$1,780,259 in the debt of Philadelphia during the past year.

GENERAL GRANT last week visited Portland and other points in Oregon, being everywhere warmly received.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has advised the colored voters of Virginia not to give their support to the debt repudiators.

THE trial of the Rev. Mr. Hayden for the murder of Mary Stannard, was commenced at New Haven, October 15th.

OF the entire number of refunding certificates issued, \$36,888,700 have been converted into four per cent bonds.

MANY of the striking spinners at Fall River, Mass., have returned to work, but many others have not yet been able to do so.

HENRY L. GUNN, suspected of having murdered his father at Bridgewater, Mass., last month, has been arrested in Boston and has confessed the crime.

A MEDICAL student named Nelson was shot dead at Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, October 14th, by a musket shot fired from the stage during a tableaux scene.

GENERAL WALKER, the Superintendent of the Census, has issued a circular for the purpose of interesting farmers in the compilation of agricultural statistics.

THE yellow fever deaths in Memphis still average three or four daily. There have been several deaths at Forest City, Ark.; business is suspended and the town deserted.

REV. WILLIAM R. WHITTINGHAM, Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, died at his summer home in Orange, N. J., October 17th. He had been confined to his house for nearly a year. He was 74 years of age.

MR. GEORGE PATTERSON, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, and ex-member of Congress for the Thirty-third District, died at his home at Westfield, October 14th, in the eightieth year of his age.

THE Apaches in the southern part of New Mexico are said to be committing serious depredations. Forty settlers are said to have been killed, and at last accounts the citizens at several points were still under arms.

Acts of lawlessness are becoming common in the old Molly Maguire region of Pennsylvania. Last week a railroad train was attacked by robbers, and there have been frequent acts of incendiarism and personal violence.

THE quarterly circular of Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co. shows that, as compared with the corresponding period of 1878, the third quarter of 1879 exhibits a decrease of 1,591 in the number of business failures in the United States, and of \$41,000,000 in the amount of liabilities.

THE estimated expenditures for the Post Office Department for the next fiscal year are \$39,920,900. The revenues will be \$32,210,000, leaving a deficiency to be provided for out of the general treasury of \$7,710,000. The amount so provided for the current year was \$5,457,376.10.

THE Treasurer of Evansville, Ind., denies that the city has abandoned its municipal organization in order to escape the payment of a judgment against it. He says the city credit is unimpaired, the municipal bonds commanding a premium, and that the city has never been more prosperous than now.

THE bodies of all or nearly all the white men employed at the White River Agency were found about the burned buildings by General Merritt's forces. It is believed that the women and children are safe, and that the influence of Chief Ouray will prevent any further fighting. General Merritt has scouted the country for fifty miles without finding any hostile Utes, and he believes they have distributed themselves among the various agencies. He has been ordered to withdraw his troops.

JOHN KELLY is addressing meetings of disaffected Democrats in the interior of New York. A State convention of colored men, held at Elmira, October 15th, endorsed the Republican State ticket.—Republican and Democratic meetings are held in this city nightly, and the canvass is hourly gaining in warmth and vigor.—The Massachusetts Greenback State Committee have placed the name of A. C. Woodworth on their ticket for Lieutenant Governor, Wendell Phillips having declined to accept their nomination. Mr. Woodworth is also a candidate on the Butler ticket.

Foreign.

RUSSIA has reduced her force of sailors in the Black Sea to barely a thousand men.

SEVERAL French Mayors and Deputy-Mayors have been removed for attending Legitimist banquets.

PRINCESS LOUISE sailed from Quebec for England, October 17th, and will remain abroad until January.

NEGOTIATIONS on the Greek frontier question have been renewed under somewhat favorable indications.

It is stated that Sir Garnet Wolseley will shortly receive the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Bath.

MADRID dispatches report an effort to build up a Liberal-Reform party with a programme as near as possible to the Constitution of 1869.

A DISPATCH from Berlin asserts that the Austro-Germany treaty of defensive alliance was signed by the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of Germany last week.

A VIENNA dispatch says that snow fell there thickly, October 17th, to the depth of six inches. At Graz, it was several feet deep. Such weather is unprecedented at this time of the year.

THE Spanish Minister of the Colonies has ordered the formation of a commission to examine into the causes of the insubordination of the port of Havana and ascertain means to ameliorate the condition of the bay.

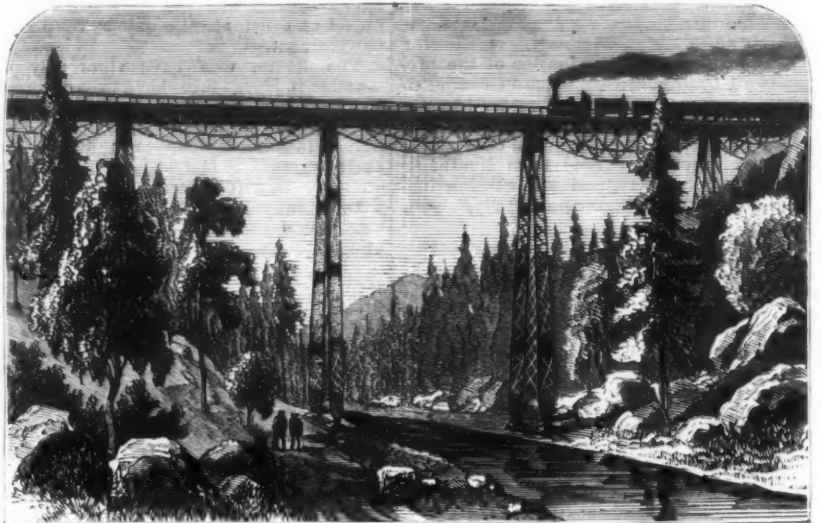
A NEW Ottoman Ministry has been formed, with Said Pasha as Grand Vizier and Mahmoud Nedim Pasha as Minister of the Interior. Meanwhile the Sultan remains stubbornly opposed to reforms such as would give Christians the same civil rights as Mohammedans enjoy.

It is stated that the Belgian bishops have given supplementary instructions to the clergy not only to refuse absolution to teachers in the Communal schools, but also to publicly refuse them sacraments. Not only are teachers excommunicated, but children receiving religious instruction from them are excluded from last communion.

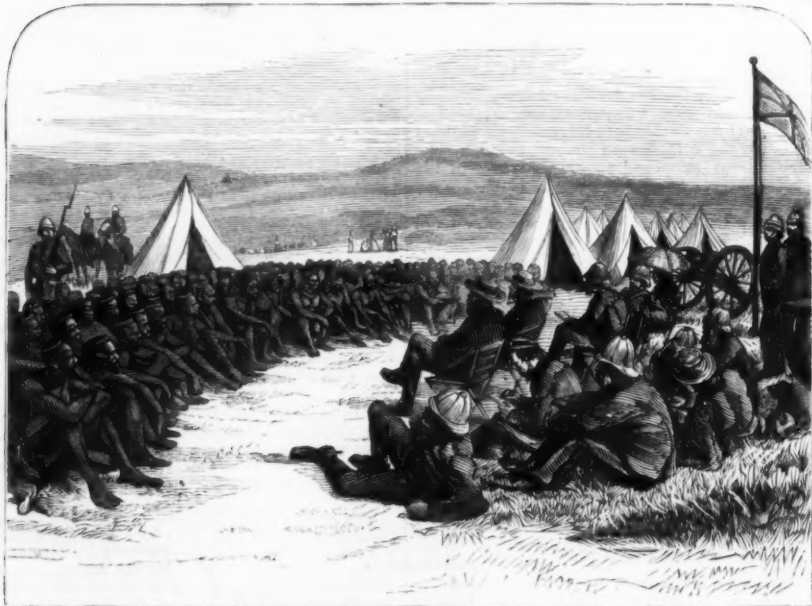
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 139.



BOSNIA.—AUSTRIAN TROOPS TAKING POSSESSION OF NOVI-BAZAR.



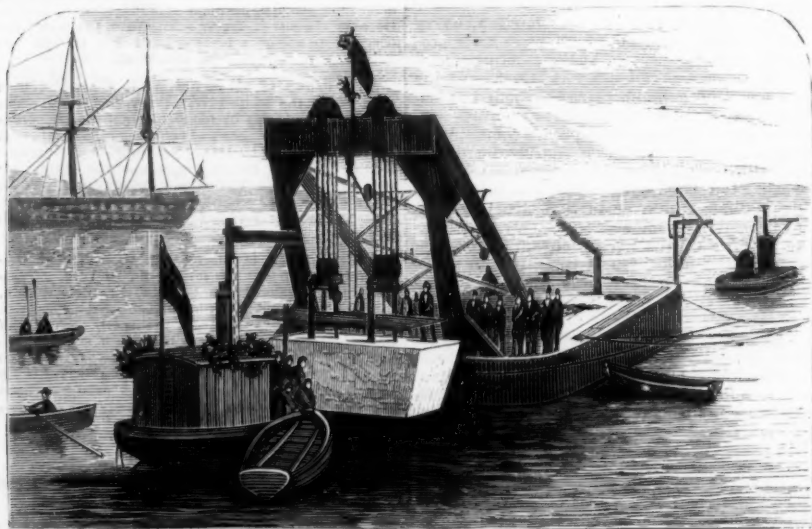
NORWAY.—NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE LYSE VALLEY, NEAR FREDERIKSHALD.



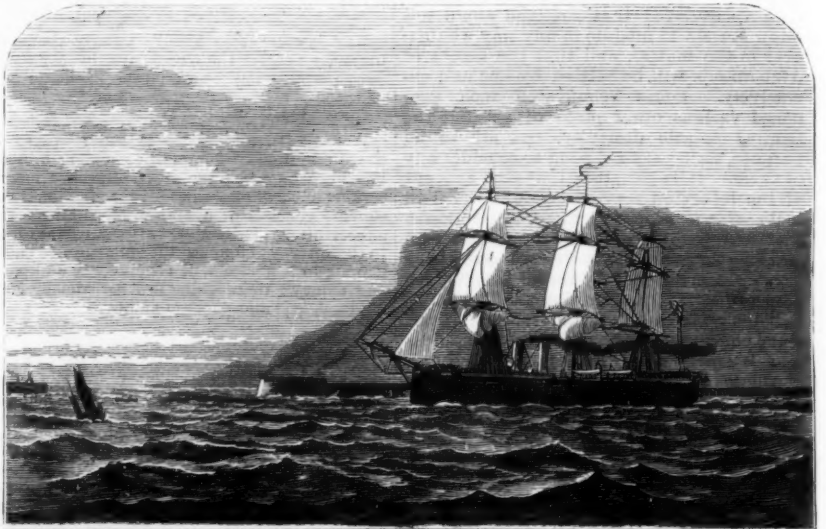
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE SURRENDER OF NATIVE TROOPS TO GENERAL WOLSELEY.



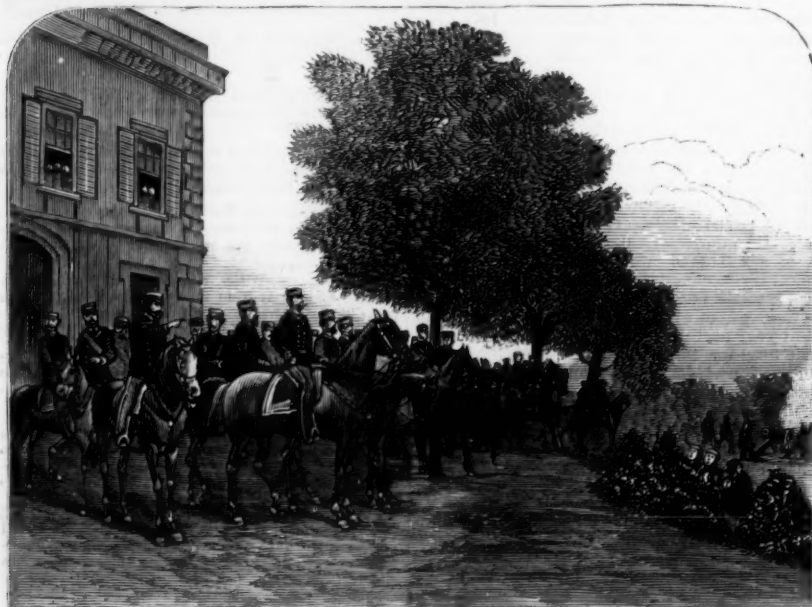
AUSTRALIA.—NEW INSANE ASYLUM NEAR SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



IRELAND.—LAYING THE FIRST BLOCK OF THE NEW QUAY AT QUEENSTOWN.



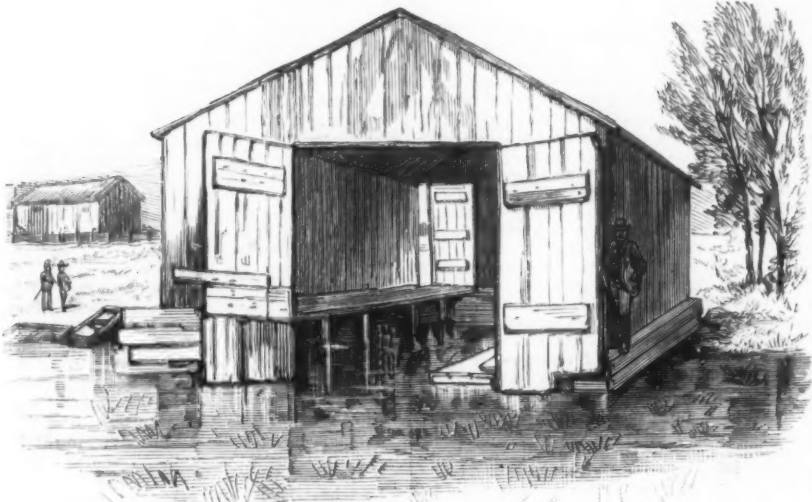
ENGLAND.—H. M. S. "BACCHANTE" LEAVING PORTLAND WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SONS.



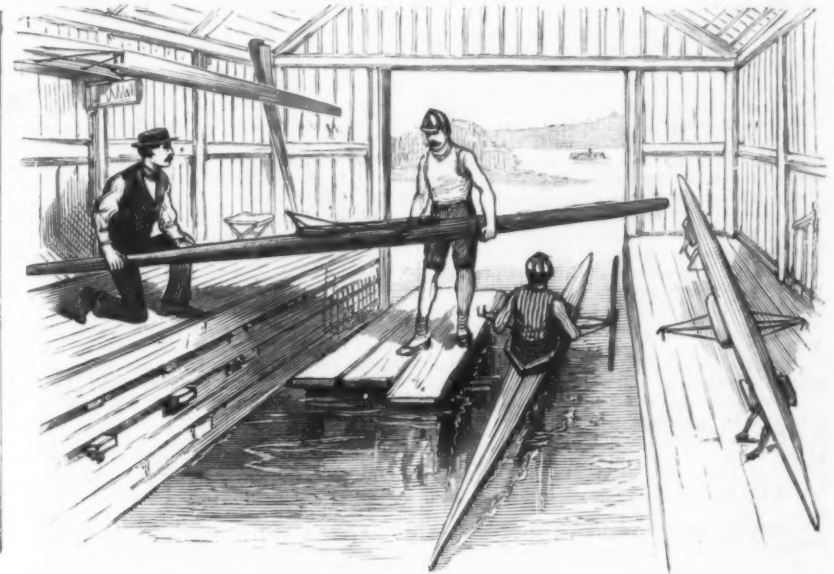
ITALY.—THE KING WITNESSING THE AUTUMN MANOEUVRES OF THE TROOPS.



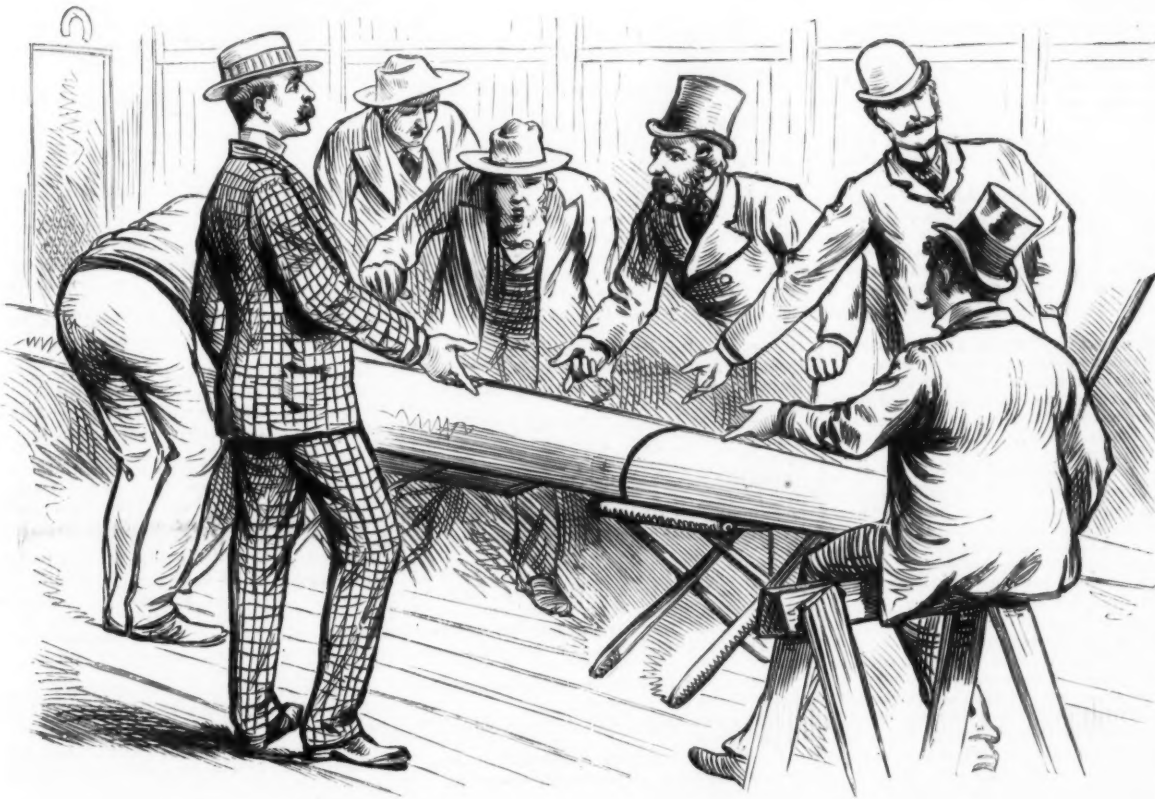
GERMANY.—THE EMPEROR REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT KÖNIGSBERG.



VIEW OF COURTNEY'S BOAT-HOUSE FROM THE WATER.



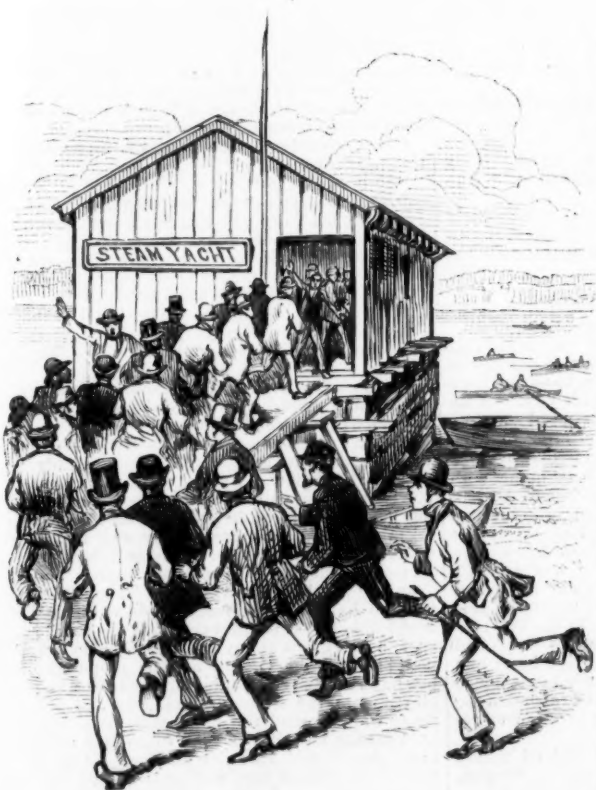
INTERIOR OF COURTNEY'S BOAT-HOUSE.



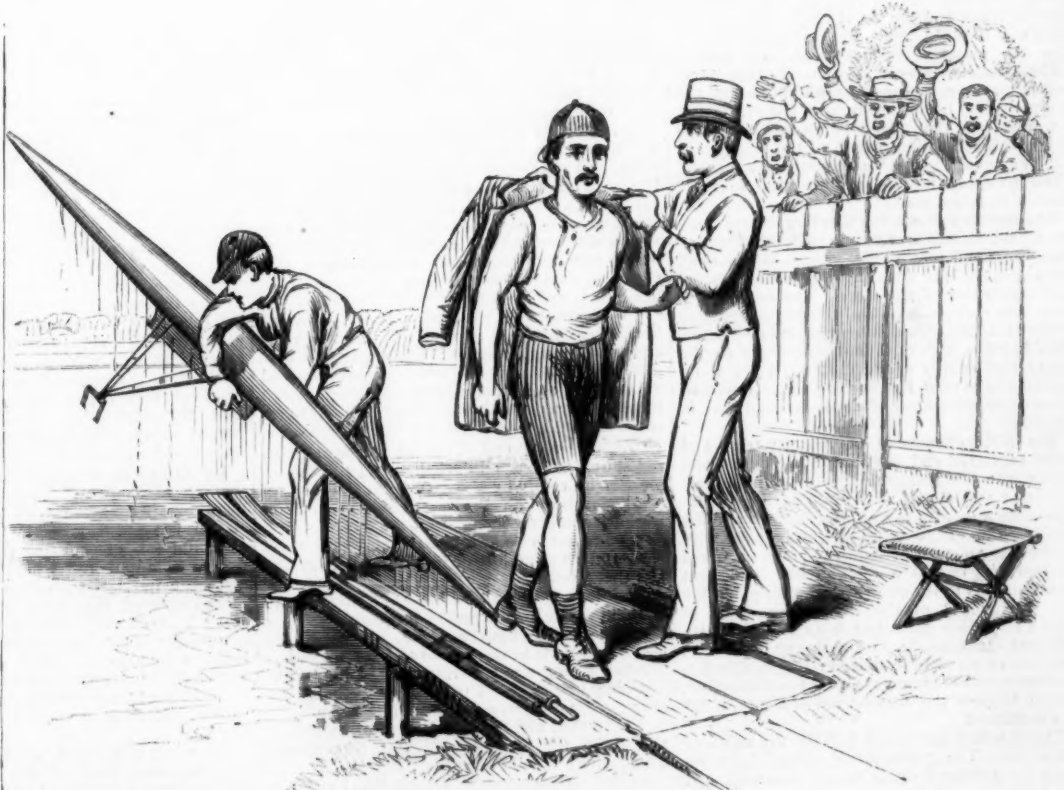
DISCOVERY OF THE MUTILATED BOATS.



"FRENCHY JOHNSON," COURTNEY'S TRAINER.



SCENE AT COURTNEY'S BOAT-HOUSE AFTER THE MUTILATION OF THE BOATS.



ARRIVAL OF HANLAN AT HIS BOAT-HOUSE AFTER THE RACE AGAINST TIME.

NEW YORK.—POSTPONEMENT OF THE GREAT BOAT-RACE BETWEEN COURTNEY AND HANLAN ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE—INCIDENTS OF THE DESTRUCTION OF COURTNEY'S SHELLS, OCTOBER 16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 139.

0795.

"EVERY man to his profession." Jammers believes in that sentiment now. There was a time when he did not believe in it, and a time also when he declared that a man was never too old to learn. But his game with "0795" taught him differently. It happened in this way:

After a sultry July night, not many years ago, Mr. Richard Jammers arose at dusky dawn for a tramp down the streets and through the park. As an elderly gentleman of fifty years, with money enough nicely invested to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life, he thought he could afford the luxury of fresh air and sunrise. To most people in cities these two items are luxuries; they are known to them only by legends, by hearsay testimony, and by stories written for good boys.

Jammers had forgotten this morning to put on his eyeglasses, and, consequently, as he crept gingerly down the broad stone steps of his house he failed to see, until he stepped upon it, the dead body of a man lying, face upwards, at the bottom of the steps. The arms of the deceased were stretched above his head, which lay against the stone edge of the bottom step.

"Bless my soul!" muttered Mr. Jammers. "What is this? What does it mean?"

At the first glance he saw only a shadow; but he knew that a shadow was not a material and soft and yielding to the feet. He was not alarmed, and kneeling down, saw in the dim light that the body was decently clothed, and that the face was not a bad one in features, though showing signs of dissipation. He also found that every pocket in the apparel of the deceased was turned inside out.

Did Mr. Jammers, discovering these things, begin to shout for the police and thoughtlessly wake up everybody in the neighborhood, as most men would have done? Not at all. Apart from a philosophical composure which enhanced the dignity of his demeanor, he had, for several years, possessed the ambition of operating as an amateur detective. He really thought he had more analytical ability than was to be found in nine out of ten of policemen and detectives, and this faith in himself was strengthened by the adoption by the police authorities of theories he had advanced in several cases of mysterious crimes. It was a harmless if not a useful whim of the old gentleman, and one in which he could afford to indulge.

When he regained his composure after the first shock of his unpleasant discovery, Jammers felt a hilarity of spirits hard to describe. He regarded the unfortunate corpse before him as a bonanza, if the expression may be allowed. It was one of the grandest and happiest discoveries, professionally speaking, of his life. He recognized the possibilities of this mystery at his door-step and, resolving to utilize them, very calmly and quietly studied his subject.

The pockets turned out certainly meant robbery. Then he carefully and delicately manipulated the head. At the back of it he felt a soft spot, and a yielding of the skull to the touch. There was the cause of death. Robbery and murder, was his verdict. Of course the man was dragged there because there was no sign of a struggle on the walk or in the street, and there had been no outcry in the night, else he, awake nearly all the hours, would have heard it. Jammers lifted one of the hands to see whether it had been used to hard labor, but it was clinched. He tried to bend back the stiffened fingers, and discovered, pressed deeply into the palm by the long nails, a small, triangular piece of woollen goods, green in color, and about two inches in length, on each side. Extracting this after much effort, he found that two edges of the fragment were selvedge and the third badly frayed, as if violently severed from the main piece. He saw the material was woollen and with a ribbed surface loosely woven. Putting these points together, he made up his mind that the fragment had been torn from a shawl worn by a woman, and that that woman had something to do with the violent death of the man.

"Very good!" said Mr. Jammers, to himself. "The question now is, who is the woman? Also, who is the man?"

The mystery was a captivating one, possessing all the elements of crime calculated to confuse the mind and baffle skill. In his hand Mr. Jammers held the only apparent clue to the perpetrator of the deed. He resolved to keep that clue, and to undertake the pursuit of the criminal. This determination being made, Mr. Jammers reported his discovery to the police and calmly proceeded upon his walk, refusing to permit his nerves to be unstrung by even so solemn an affair as a dead man at his door.

The little choristers of the city trees and roads twittered and caroled in the quaint and faint way that marks the metropolitan birds; the dawn was filmed with smoke; the sun uprose with a face as tawny as a Moor's, and the droning hum of life made the air quake with its heavy volume of sound; but Jammers walked like one in a dream, his head bent down and his brain quickening with plans for the tracing out of the crime, the victim of which had been placed at his own door. He felt that Jammers, in his ordinary character, was not a man to be despised; but, better yet, Jammers, in the rôle of a triumphant detective, would become the admiration of a city, if not of a continent.

There was a clear field left for the amateur detective. The post-mortem examination revealed a fractured skull, which was fatal, and a complication of diseases of the vital organs which might also have produced death. It was also discovered, without trouble, that the man had no friends; that he was, apparently, one of those "unknown" beings who are born and die without any one being made the glad-

der and few the sadder thereby. His body, when the jury were done with it, was bundled off to a medical college, and had the fate accorded to the generality of dead unknowns. The police dismissed the case with celerity, as they were not stimulated by that professional zeal which principally depends on offers of rewards. Thus it came about, with no exertion on his part, that Mr. Jammers was left to prosecute his inquiries without fear of interference on the part of those whose legal duty it was to secure retribution for the dead as much as it was to protect the living.

But Mr. Jammers discovered, in the course of a few days, the radical difference between theory and execution. He had nothing upon which to base operations save a rag, and a small rag at that. In a city of a million souls, where could he begin to unravel a mystery to which the clue was so insignificant? How should he find a shawl or scarf into which his fragment should fit and bring conviction to the criminal? He kept a vigilant watch, but his efforts availed him nothing. His powers of analysis were ridiculously fruitless in everything but disappointments. Mrs. Jammers ridiculed his waste of time on a matter of no earthly interest to any living person, and certainly of no consequence to the dead. Finally, three weeks after the discovery, he pinned his heretofore carefully cherished cloth to his bookcase and abandoned the search.

A week passed. Early one afternoon Jammers came home. A strange housemaid was rubbing down, in a chary manner, with soap and water, the woodwork of his library. An involuntary glance at the spot where the rag had been pinned showed that it was gone. He sought his wife.

"Mrs. Jammers," he spurted out, "my snug-gery is being interfered with."

"Yes—washed. It needed it badly," observed his wife, sententiously.

"It's against my orders and wishes," said the husband.

"Men don't appreciate cleanliness as much as they ought," remarked the lady. "The room was very dirty, Richard."

"I don't care if it was," and his voice began to be sharp in tone. "This new girl doesn't understand matters. The rag which I took from that dead man's hand is missing. The careless thing has probably thrown it away. I want it," and he stamped the floor with a vehemence that showed he was thoroughly enraged.

Mrs. Jammers quietly rolled up the stocking she had been mending and went down-stairs. In a second she returned with the cherished bit of cloth rolled up until it was but little larger than a good-sized pea. Jammers unrolled it. From green it had been changed to a dingy white color.

"Pure idiocy!" growled the man. "It is utterly spoiled. How can such a thing ever be fitted to the piece from which it was torn? It can't. If I were to put my hand this minute upon the shawl—but what is this?" he exclaimed, with a sudden change of subject and tone of voice, and nervously mounting his eye-glasses upon his nose. "See here, Jane! Look! What is that?"

Jane put on her glasses and gazed.

"0-7-9-5—0795. What is there remarkable about those figures?" she asked.

"What is there remarkable about them?" he inquired, in an absent-minded way. "Why, the fact that they're there." He sat down and studied them in silence for fully five minutes. "Jane," he cried, "I believe I have a clue."

She laughed, and he put the remnant in his pocket. There was not another word spoken about the matter that evening. His wife thought she understood him, and he was sure he understood her, and, as a result, each concluded that silence upon the matter would be wisdom.

"We never number our jobs in that way," said De Long, the dyer and cleaner, the next morning, to Mr. Jammers. "We tag our goods. Old Ferriott, on Washington Street, is the only man I ever knew that did it. But he's old foggyish. No trouble at all, Mr. Jammers, not a bit. Good-morning."

Mr. Ferriott is a crotchety, surly old man. He treats Mr. Jammers, at first, very churlishly, and says—perhaps he does and perhaps he doesn't mark his goods with figures. Mr. Jammers puts down a five-dollar bill on the counter, and says the information will be worth that much to him. Whereupon Ferriott thaws out and becomes communicative, and remarks that up to within a few months he has numbered his jobs.

"Will you be so kind, then, Mr. Ferriott, as to tell me what sort of a job was number 0795, and who it was done for?" inquired Jammers.

Mr. Ferriott brings out several ragged volumes of order books, and hunting through them finds, at last, the following, which, as he reads it aloud, is taken down by Mr. Jammers.

"0795—Mrs. Alvord, 611 Johnson Place. Light-red shawl to be dyed dark green as per sample. To be ready by November 2d. Date of receipt, October 25th. Delivered, November 8th."

"That was last year," said the dyer. "Mrs. Alvord is the wife of a rich commission merchant. I've done lots of work for her in the last three years."

Jammers tumbled in his pocketbook and brought forth his cherished fragment.

"Were those figures made by you?" he asked, pointing to the numerals on the cloth.

After a long study Ferriott raises his head.

"They are mine. I will swear to them," he says. "No one ever made a 7 like mine."

"Then that rag there is a piece of the shawl you dyed for Mrs. Alvord last November? You believe it to be that?"

"I do. It is scarcely possible that I am mistaken."

"Good!" observes Jammers. "That is information worth all it cost me. Good-day!" and tucking his cloth in his portemonnaie, he passed out of the shop just as Ferriott was getting ready to interrogate him as to his

reasons for wanting to know these various things.

It being early in the afternoon, Mr. Jammers, elated with his discoveries, began the journey to the house of Mrs. Alvord. It would be difficult to express his feelings as he walked briskly along the street. He was confident that he had found the trail to the murderer; and it seemed to him, in the flush of this revelation, as if Mrs. Alvord were the criminal. If so, there was, of course, a scandal; and if a scandal, so much the better for the reputation of Richard Jammers, for nothing explosive makes a louder or a longer report than one of these huge pieces of the artillery of society. Jammers's imagination was a lively one, and he had become badly entangled in a maze of suppositions, of which the lady was always the central figure, when, raising his eyes he saw that he had reached his destination. The house was a handsome, three-story brick dwelling, with every indication of being occupied by people of wealth and culture; and the would-be detective suddenly felt ashamed of the errand which had brought him there. It did not seem probable that such people would be guilty of so vulgar an affair as the murder, in a distant part of the city, of a vulgar-appearing man. And when Mrs. Alvord came into the elegant parlor he was sure he had committed a grievous error. She was fat and jolly; and what murderess was ever possessed of those attributes of person? Jammers metaphorically "threw up his hands" and surrendered. Still he managed to blunder along so as to state that he had called to inquire about a shawl, describing it as Ferriott had reported it to him.

"A green shawl, you say, formerly light-red? Dyed at Ferriott's?" Mrs. Alvord inquired, after brief meditation.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you want to know what I did with it?"

"If you please."

"Yes? Well, sir, I never had such a shawl."

"But Ferriott said you had it dyed there," remarked Jammers, excitedly. "His books show it had been there."

"Then both are mistaken." She began to laugh, however, in a way that made Mr. Jammers feel uncomfortable, it had such a tone of tormenting triumph about it. "My little boy, Georgie, though," she continued, "had a neck-scarf of the color you mention, and Ferriott dyed it. Of course, that is not what you want."

"I am sure it is," exclaimed Jammers; "and if you'll let me see it for a moment, I can—"

Mrs. Alvord held up her pudgy hands as if to command silence.

"That is impossible," she said; "I gave it to our second girl, Hannah Stevens, last Spring."

"But she would show it to me if you asked her," he suggested.

"Undoubtedly; but she left me last July, and I haven't the remotest idea where she has gone."

Mr. Jammers was speechless with rage at the idea of being so near and yet so far from the object of his search. He did not dare to even look at Mrs. Alvord, for fear his face would reveal his feelings. She arose from her seat.

"If there is nothing more," she said, "I must beg you to excuse me."

"Just a question or two more, madam. Was this girl married?"

"I believe not. I never knew that she was."

"And you don't know where I can find her?"

"No, sir."

"Will you describe her to me?"

"Certainly. She was of medium height, spare, and with black hair and eyes; her nose was broken, her mouth large; there was a mole on her right cheek; she walked with a slight limp; and, most marked peculiarity of all, she had a habit of quickly turning her head and looking backward over her left shoulder; she is about twenty-eight years old. There! You ought to recognize her from that description."

"I am sure I can," said Jammers, "and I'm greatly obliged to you."

"One moment, please," the woman remarked. "Let me do some asking! Why have you asked me those questions? Why have you come to me?"

"Well, there's been a—that is, somebody is wanted—I mean to say that I guess there's a little fortune awaiting for this girl, and I'm sent out to trace her up."

"By that scarf?"

"By that scarf," echoed the man.

"I believe you are telling me a falsehood," said Mrs. Alvord, in a tone of voice that showed anger. "Janet, show this gentleman to the door. I regret that you have not been as frank with me as I was with you."

With that the ordinarily good-natured woman turned away, stopping to send after him the hope that he would not be able to find the girl.

Mr. Jammers wended his way home with feelings of chagrin. An hour before he had been certain that he was on the way to success. It did not seem possible to him, then, that he could fail of securing definite knowledge of the criminal for whom he was looking. Yet here he was, walking gloomily away and more confused than ever as to plans for pursuit. The old gentleman was, in his self-conceit, unsparing in his denunciations of his bad luck. Everything seemed against him; and by the time he turned the corner to his house he had about made up his mind to abandon the case as one without chance of profit or of renown.

But what was this? As he arrived within two hundred feet of his home a woman, neatly dressed, came out of the basement-door and went down the pavement ahead of him. He saw that it was not his wife. He knew that none of her acquaintances would leave the house by that door. Who was she, then? Scarcely had the question been formed in his mind when the woman, with a quick, nervous

turn of her head, looked backward over her shoulder. Instantly he recalled the description given by Mrs. Alvord of Hannah Stevens. Another look, and he saw that she walked with a slight limp. That made him sure of his game. He increased his pace to overtake her, and, in his near-sightedness, almost walked over his wife who had descended the steps to meet him.

"Jane, Jane!" he cried, catching her arm and his breath at the same time. "who is that woman, there, just this side of the corner? See? She came out of the house not a minute ago."

Mrs. Jammers regarded her husband with a look of indignant surprise.

"Are you crazy, Richard Jammers?" she cried, catching him by the arm. "What do you mean by all this nonsense? That woman you're racing after, why—it's Nora, our servant-girl! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Jammers, running after her? I'm ashamed of you."

Mr. Jammers sat down on the lower step, just where the dead man had fallen, and held his head dolorously in his hands.

"You're foolish, Jane," he said, "to think I was skylarking after that girl. I was pursuing her, but because I think she killed the man who was found here at this very spot where my feet rest."

Mrs. Jammers moved away; the reminiscence was unpleasant. Her husband continued:

"I've been on the trail all day," he said, "and have made discoveries. I say that woman knows something about that dead man. You can prove it, Jane. Go to her room, search it, and, as I sit here, I believe you will find a neckscarf of a green color, with one of the corners missing. That corner is in my pocket."

"Oh, Richard! This business has turned your mind," cried his wife.

"Go!" was all he replied.

"What will become of me, with you in an insane asylum?" she moaned.

"Bosh! I will go if you are afraid," and he began to ascend the steps.

"Wait," she said, "I will humor you. I will make the search."

In less than three minutes she was back again. She had in her hand a dirty-looking green rag.

"It was behind her trunk," said Mrs. Jammers. "She used it as a duster, I think. Poor girl!"

Jammers whipped out his fragment. It matched the missing corner.

"It is the scarf," was his verdict. "There can be but one conclusion—that the girl knows about this murder."

"Haden't we better talk it over with her before you go any further in the matter?" asked Mrs. Jammers. "Perhaps there's a mistake or an explanation. Don't be hasty with her, Richard."

Richard agreed with her on this, and when Nora returned she was summoned before this tribunal of two. At a glance Mr. Jammers saw how accurately her face corresponded with Mrs. Alvord's sketch. He did not know how to begin the trial. At last he said:

"Is this your scarf, Nora?"

She answered "Yes" promptly, remarking that she had used it as a dusting-cloth, and did not know that she had left it lying around.

"Tell me," continued Jammers, "just how the corner of it was torn off one night last July."

He rather expected something startling would follow this question; that the girl would faint, or deny knowledge of any violence; but she did nothing of the kind. She looked him squarely in the face and said:

"My husband tore it off when he was drunk—one night last July."

"Hum! Ha! And where is your husband, Nora?" he continued.

"I don't know, sir. I have not seen him since that time, and I don't want to see him again." There were shifting lines of weakness about her mouth, and her breath came and went a little faster than usual.

"Mrs. Alvord said your name was Hannah—Hannah Stevens."

"So it is, by rights."

"And that you were not married," said Jammers, his voice growing more and more kindly.

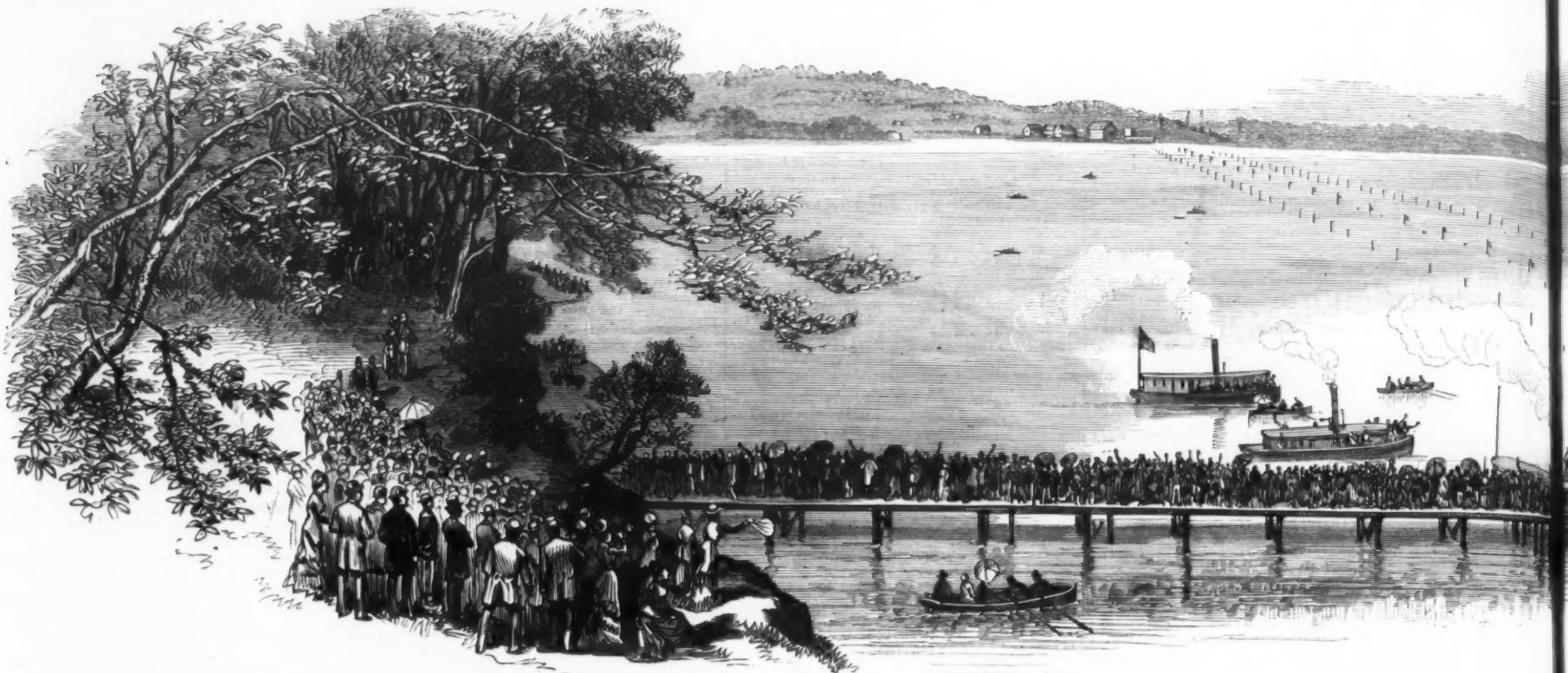
"I didn't. I couldn't tell her the truth, sir. We poor folks, like the rich, have our shames and our sorrows that we keep to ourselves. I daren't tell Mrs. Alvord how foolish I'd been. I've told nobody the secret." The tears were welling up into her eyes, and rolling down her cheeks.

"Tell us about it, Nora, or Hannah. It may save you trouble," said Mrs. Jammers. "Besides it will be a relief to you."

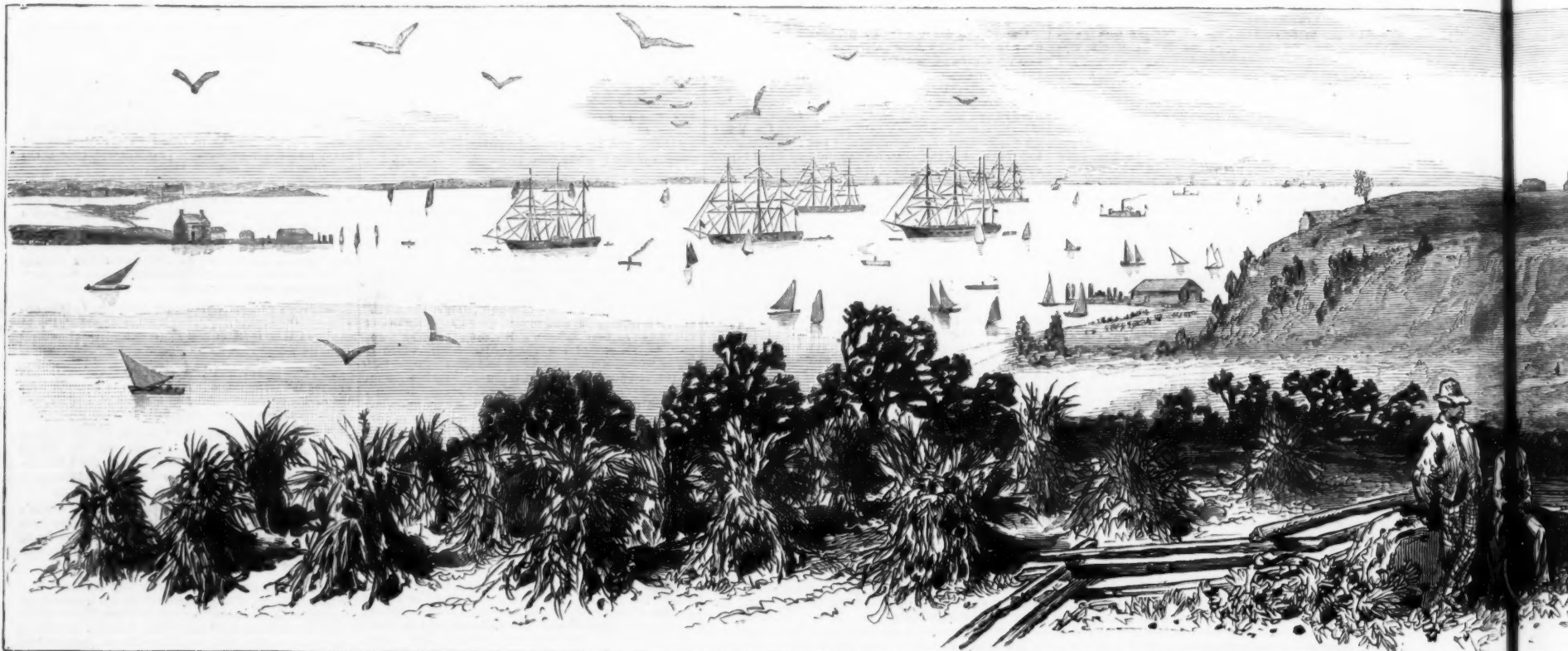
"It isn't much of a story, ma'am. I'd known the man for years and thought him a steady, fair-hearted fellow. We just went off and got married, saying nothing about it, so as to keep our places a little while longer. But I made a mistake—I made a mistake. He was a hard drinker, and, almost before I knew it, he had got all my savings on one excuse or another, and drank or gambled them away. Then I told him I'd have nothing more to do with him. And I didn't, that is, until that July night I've spoken of. I was at my cousin's, then, in the next block. I don't know how he found me, but he came there at midnight, when we were all sitting on the steps for fresh air, and got me to walk around the block with him. He kept teasing me all the time to go live with him. And I said I wouldn't. Then all of a sudden he struck me, and grabbed at my breastpin and tried to pull it off. As I broke away from him he caught the scarf on my head and took a bit of it off in his hand, the corner of it, ma'am. I ran away. I looked around once, when I was two hundred feet away."

There was a silence. The girl had closed

—The latest novelty in the way of improving suburban dwellings is the Bedford Park estate, a few miles from London (Eng.). The houses are built in the Queen Anne style, and are wonderfully quaint and pretty, especially where the roads wind, and the dwellings are overshadowed by gnarled and twisted old trees, or embowered in groups of magnificent willows. Almost every house, while agreeing perfectly in general character and appearance with the others, presents a different aspect and varying outlines very pleasing to the eye. In the midst of the park is an elegant club-house for the use of the residents and their friends, in which there is a billiard, reading, card, dining, dancing and lecture room, and a special drawing-room for ladies. All the dwellings were leased before completion, the occupants in the main being artists and people connected with art education.



NEW YORK.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURTNEY-HANLAN RACECOURSE ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE—HALL



GENERAL VIEW OF YORKTOWN AND GLOUCESTER POINT, LOOKING TOWARDS THE



THE OLD MOORE HOUSE WHERE THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR A SURRENDER WERE HELD BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND CORNWALLIS,



REMAINS OF EARTHWORKS ERECTED BY CORNWALLIS

VIRGINIA.—PRELIMINARY CELEBRATION, AT YORKTOWN, OF THE CENTENNIAL OF THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS



KE-BLAN ROWING ALONE OVER THE COURSE, OCTOBER 16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 139.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE YORK RIVER AND CHESAPEAKE BAY.



ES ERECTED CORNWALLIS AT YORETOWN.

THE MAIN STREET, YORETOWN, ON MARKET-DAY.

LORD CORNWALLIS AND THE BRITISH ARMY TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 152.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

IDLY she stirred the ashes at her feet, The burnt out embers of a bygone day, Thinking how bright that fire had burned—what heat Glowed once where now she found all cold and grey. Then, idly still, scarce knowing what she did, Fanned the pale ashes with her gentle breath, Nor thought of fire within the embers hid, Nor dreamed of life where all lay cold as death. Sudden a light, where all before was dark, Shone in her dazzled eyes and dimmed her sight— A tongue of flame that, kindled from some spark Undreamed of, made a noonday of the night. She stood one moment stunned, then in amaze She fled, for all her world was in a blaze!

"QUEEN LILY AND ROSE IN ONE."

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

MAUD had been compelled to admit that she had met the murdered man on the evening of his death, had walked with him through the lane where his body was found, had conversed with him a short time, and then, walking slowly back to the Castle, had gone to her own room, where she had remained looking over a portfolio of drawings for about half an hour; that she had then left her room to go down-stairs, and on her way through the corridor was startled by the sight of Frank O'Hara standing silently in the dusk at the head of the stairs; that she had asked him if he were ill, and that he had replied in a low tone that if he were that was nothing to her, that it would not trouble her if he were going to be hanged; that she had attempted to soothe him, but that he had flung her hand off his arm, and said it was a black day for him he had ever seen her, and that it would be blacker still—that she had ruined him soul and body with her cursed beauty; that she had asked him—"the prisoner," as she was admonished to call him—what she had done, or how dare he to speak to her in such a tone and in such language, and that he had replied that it did not matter much what he said or did after that night, that she need not mind him—he was not the fine titled lover she had been walking with in Avonbank Lane; that she had addressed the prisoner very angrily, and bade him take care how he insulted her and her friend Sir George Canonbury, and that the prisoner seemed irritated at her sharp rebuke. Her lips had faltered, her voice failed over the latter part of this statement, and the lawyer's eyes had detected every pause, every quiver.

"Your strong reluctance to give your evidence tells rather badly," he said, dryly. "The prisoner was irritated and made use of threatening expressions relating to the man he regarded as his successful rival—very naturally of course. Well?"

And the poor distracted girl, dreading to tell a lie, dreading yet more to tell the truth, little by little was made to confess that the prisoner had retorted, in reply to her words, that Sir George Canonbury would have enough to do to take care of himself if he came in his way.

"Do you recognize this, Miss St. Crewe?" the lawyer asked, suddenly, holding up a tiny ivory-backed pocket-book.

"Yes," she faltered. "Are the date and inscription correct?" "Yes," she replied, glancing piteously at her own counsel, who for his part had a faint shade of discomfiture in his eyes.

The pocket-book was a species of dainty little calendar, and was interleaved with small, beautifully-executed groups of the flowers of each month, several of which bore in the corner the initials "M. St. C.," and on the first leaf, beneath a forget-me-not, was written, "Maud to George, on his birthday," and bore the date of June two years before.

This pocket-book had been found in the prisoner's possession when he was arrested. It was as the seal of the testimony of the many witnesses whose evidence so conclusively proved the prisoner's guilt.

Then came the steward of the Parnells of Derrybane, where Frank had gone very early on the morning after the murder, who deposed to his strange, absent manner, his wild, haggard look, and the bruised, disfigured state of his face, which he said had been caused by a splintered branch of a tree striking him on the day before—and the jurymen, as he spoke, glanced from the prisoner's face, where the livid mark yet staid, to the knotted holly-stick which had belonged to the murdered man and been found in the lane hedge a little way beyond the body. The steward added that he had walked a little way back with the prisoner, who refused to go by way of the lane, muttering an excuse, and had parted with him at the foot of the Castle hill, where he saw the prisoner, only a little way up the hill, deliberately quit the road, and get into what was called the mill-field as it ran down to the river, and which was under wheat this year; that, some suspicion from his odd manner arising in his mind, he had stood watching the prisoner before he turned into the Derrybane road, when he heard a man shouting something, and, on looking up, he saw Patrick Byrne, Kelly's ostler, leaping off the hedge of Avonbank Lane, and running down across the hay-meadow to him, who told him that the gentleman who was staying at Mr. Parnell's was lying dead, murdered, in the lane; that they had both run into the wheat-field after the prisoner to tell him, and to get additional help, and that, on coming suddenly upon the prisoner, they had found him in a very startled manner trying to hide a bundle of clothes that lay at his feet; that, at the first word of their news, the prisoner had seemed powerfully affected, and had gasped out, "Oh, heaven, is he dead? It cannot be! He cannot be dead!" and then—"Oh, poor Maud! Oh, poor fellow, I wish I had not—!" Witness was positive as to those words, which the prisoner had re-

peated over and over again; and when, on the arrival of others, the constables, and the surgeon, and on his being informed that he would be arrested on suspicion resulting from his confused way of accounting for his time on the previous evening, the presence of the muddy, blood-stained clothes, and his strange appearance that morning, he, although very angry at first, gave way rather quietly in the end, saying, "Heaven knows I never shed his blood, though I might have wished to do it!" The prisoner seemed terribly excited, and, although repeatedly cautioned, persisted in speaking; and about two hours later, the warrant for his arrest having been signed, he had been taken by the constables to the county prison, making only one request, that they would break the news carefully to his father and Miss St. Crewe.

In the prison the counsel for the defense had obtained from the prisoner the circumstantial account he had been so reluctant to give of his proceedings on the evening of the murder and on the following morning, of where he had been watching concealed whilst Maud St. Crewe and George Canonbury walked and conversed together, and how, in his agitation, he had missed his hold of a branch, and, slipping, had fallen into the deep, muddy dike beneath, and struck his head against a jagged thorn root, which hurt him so badly that, on crawling out of the dike, he had lain half-stunned and bleeding for nearly half an hour. Then, on going home and encountering Maud, and gathering from her indignant words what he took to be a confirmation of the worst fears suggested by his jealous misery, he determined if possible to conceal from her and from every one the knowledge of how he had met with his accident; and, with confused, half-formed ideas on the subject, he had risen very early, and taken his wet, muddy clothes with him, with the intention of putting them on as he returned from Derrybane, and then, through purpose or accident, incur some mishap which should serve to explain his appearance on reaching home.

The marks of a fall amongst the brushwood and slimy weeds of the dike and Maud's corroborative evidence of what she had seen in that early morning hour certainly bore testimony to the truth of this assertion; but the weight of the opposing testimony still bore down the balance against him.

So now he had stood to take his trial; and, whilst Maud St. Crewe, his sister Mary and Doctor Clarke sat in one of the bare outer rooms of the court, the jury retired to consider their verdict.

They were but twenty minutes absent; and to the last moment of her life Maud St. Crewe could recall as vividly as then the echoes of their tramping feet as they returned from the jury-room, the dead breathless pause in the court, whither Doctor Clarke had gone, and then the opening door, the slow, single returning footstep, the young surgeon's face, so full of grief and pain, and Mary's sobbing scream, and one single awful word:

"Guilty!"

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

THE glory of the long July day was fading fast, but over the lofty prison walls the ruddy western sunlight yet shone on the highest range of cell windows, which were all aflame with lurid brightness, and through the close-barred gratings cast golden checkers of light on the stone floors of the long bare corridors, so silent and spotlessly clean, with their whitewashed walls and rows of black-painted doors, and into the cell interiors, almost as bare, as silent, as drearily clean and desolate.

"Visitors for No. 16." And the turnkey, waking up a legion of loud echoes at each step, preceded the visitors, softly clinking his bunch of huge silvery-bright keys as he went.

The visitors were two women, darkly clad and closely veiled, of whom the taller and slighter seemed to cling to the other and walked very slowly with down-bent head.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," came the beseeching whisper from beneath her veil, "let me go first—I shall not be able if I have to wait! Mary, I won't keep you long—only let me see him first!"

"Let her go in first," Mary said, turning her head away as she saw the turnkey lift the little trap-door to peer in for a moment, and almost stifling herself in her efforts to keep from sobbing aloud.

The great key clashed loudly in the bolts of the lock, and the cell door swung back.

"Visitors for you," the official said, in a lower, more kindly tone than he had yet used when addressing the prisoner, as he ushered in the tall, slight, dark-draped figure with bright golden hair showing beneath her thick veil.

The pale quiet prisoner, sitting with his hands clasped on his knee, gazing at one gliding flock of amber sunlight on the cold dark-gray stone floor, rose to his feet, and his face flushed suddenly, and then as suddenly grew ashy pale.

"Maud! You here! Oh, Maud, this is no place for you!"

"It is as much my place as it is yours—you know that," she answered, in low, strangely-quiet tones; "it is more my place than yours. Only for me you would never have come here—every one says that—those who believe you guilty, those who know you are innocent."

"But you must try not to let that distress you," he said, his voice trembling with tenderness, and his hand seeking timidly to touch hers soothingly; "you did nothing to send me here. You are as innocent of that as I am of what they lay to my charge, heaven knows!"

"Oh, Frank, I am, I am!"

Her unnatural composure gave way before his tenderness. In a passion of grief and despair she flung herself down upon her knees beside the seat where he would fain have placed her, and her tears fell like rain on his hands which she held clasped in hers.

"Oh, Frank, forgive me—forgive me! I

have been in some degree the cause of your trouble, though I was innocent! Forgive me, Frank, though I cannot forgive myself; but I was innocent of—of—I mean I did not know I was doing anything to displease you!"

Even through her grief her brow crimsoned in maidenly shame, and, as Frank's trembling hands raised her reluctant form to the seat beside him, he felt the rising of a new emotion that thrilled through his very soul with passionate delight and sadness intermingled.

"Why, Maud, Maud—my love—my darling," he whispered, as his head rested amongst the disordered golden ripples above her little ear, "why, Maud, you care for me—you care a little for me, my darling!"

"I do," she said, answering the almost inaudible faltering whisper—"I always did—a little—always! And that night, if I had not been wicked, and proud, and angry with you, I might have said something to tell you—that—that you needn't have been jealous of poor George—we were only like brother and sister, or cousins—I never cared for him nor he for me. We liked each other very well, though, and George was very kind to me; but he was attached to this long time to a beautiful girl he met in London three years ago. He often told me about her, poor fellow! But, Frank, you needn't have been jealous—indeed you needn't! I liked you best—in a different way." And Maud's fair lily-face became like a rose as her quivering lips uttered the confession of her innocent hidden love.

Her confession of love, poor child, in a prison-cell, and to the condemned prisoner, her lover!

"Why, then," Frank said, suddenly standing erect and straining her to his heart, whilst his whole face and form seemed to glow and strengthen as if with new life, "heaven's blessing on my darling! She has taken away the bitterness of death from me! I'd have died any day to have heard you say that, Maud! If it be heaven's will, I feel ready to die now. Heaven bless my darling, and keep her, while she lives, as happy as I would have tried to make her!"

A little time longer they stood silently together—the hapless pair of lovers—her head resting just where it reached above his heart, his lips pressed to her fair upturned cheek; and then she drew herself away, and moved slowly, like one blinded with pain, towards the door.

"Poor Mary is waiting," she said

No reprieve or commutation of the sentence had yet arrived; still, remembering the petition which had been so largely signed, hundreds confidently predicted its coming each hour—less confidently, however, as morning after morning dawned without hope to the anguished hearts in tortures of suspense, and the date originally fixed stood unaltered—the twenty-second of July, and it was now the sixteenth—the day fixed for the execution of Frank O'Hara for the murder of Sir George Canonbury.

The weary morning had passed away, the weary, sultry afternoon was come. In the stricken household of the O'Haras, after the bare mechanical duties of the day had been performed, there was at this hour neither sound, nor indication of employment, nor intercourse, the members of the family seeming to avoid each other silently, except when the two elder sisters shut themselves up in their bedrooms to bewail the family woe, and lay it all at the door of their father's infatuation for that girl Maud, with her wicked arts and her vile vanity.

Poor Mary, with eyes so swollen and tear-dimmed from weeping and sleeplessness that she could scarcely see where she was going, was coming down-stairs softly from Maud's room, when she saw through the staircase-window a familiar figure on horseback galloping up the hill to the Castle.

"Tom!" thought Mary, with an involuntary smile of pleasure, succeeded by a bitter sigh. "Can he be coming here again? He said yesterday evening that Maud was no worse, and that he need not come till to-morrow. Here he is, though!"

And poor Mary, with a little throb of gladness at her sad heart, hurried down quickly, and, as she ran, rushed right into Doctor Tom Clarke's arms—which proceeding, instead of evoking a polite apology, drew from the worthy young surgeon a warm embrace, and three kisses so loud and hearty that Mary had only breath enough left to say, faintly:

"Tom, you mustn't!"

"But I must," persisted Tom—then, more gravely, "How is your patient, Mary?"

"No worse, Tom, I think, but very weak," the girl replied, her honest eyes filling again for the twentieth time that day with burning tears; "she won't eat, nor speak, nor do anything but lie there staring at the wall. Even when father went in to see her this morning and spoke so kind to her, she never spoke—only shed a few tears and lay there still, without a stir!"

"Ah, well," said the young doctor, drawing a long breath and smiling all over his face, "we'll soon cure that, Mary, and all our other troubles, please heaven! I've good news, Mary—the best of good news, my dear!"

"About Frank? Oh, father, father, come here!" Mary cried, forgetting all her life-long timidity and deference towards her stern father as she rushed into the little room where old Robert O'Hara sat with his open account-book before him, on the page of which, however, the ink had dried, and his bowed head buried in his hands.

"Oh, father, come and hear! Tom—Doctor Clarke's brought good news! Come and tell it, Tom!"

"The best of good news, sir!" the young surgeon said, grasping the old man's hands. "I was afraid to tell it to Mary—to Miss O'Hara, too suddenly. Frank's safe, sir—safe! The man that murdered Sir George has confessed, and the magistrates have the confession

in their hands, and the warrant for Frank's release will come in the morning, or at noon to-morrow, and we'll have him home to-morrow evening, please heaven! Keep up, sir. Get your father a glass of wine, Mary."

"I don't want anything to keep me up!" the old man said, fiercely, in his excitement. "I want vengeance for my son—vengeance. I tell you! And I mean to have it! My son made a felon of, and put in a prison-dock, and condemned to be hanged! To be hanged like a dog, sir, my only son—as honest and handsome a young fellow as there is in the county! They were going to hang him—to hang him for murder—my boy that all the county knew wouldn't hurt a hair of a man's head, unless he did it in an honest, fair fight!" and for the very first time during those weeks of bitter shame and suffering the father's grim composure was seen to give way. At the mention of his son's good and lovable qualities his voice was broken by a hoarse sob, and again and again he dashed away the tears from his eyes as he went on, excitedly, "I'll have vengeance, I tell you! I'll make every one that had a hand in shaming my son suffer for it! I've near killed that little girl up stairs, too!" he cried, remorsefully. "I thought she drove my boy mad with her pretty face, and then played him false; and I cursed her for a jilt, and said Frank's blood was on her head, I did! Poor little Maud! Poor Madeline's child—heaven forgive me!"

"Oh, do tell us, Tom dear, how it happened!" Mary interposed imploringly, squeezing the doctor's arm affectionately right before her much-dreaded parent's eyes.

"The murderer was a miserable tramp," replied Tom, "a man who had been a convict some years ago; and, on his return, finding no chance of employment at his old trade—he had been a butcher—in the town where he had lived, he, as so many of those poor wretches do, got into the only society that would receive him—the very worst—and, managing to evade the police from time to time, subsisted in some precarious manner by chance jobs in haymaking-time and so forth. He had been hanging around here, and noticed Sir George several times—so he says—and on the evening of the murder saw him out walking, but had no evil intentions towards him. But, later on, as he was coming up the lane from Avonbank, he met the gentleman and begged sixpence from him. Sir George bade him be off very roughly; and, as he was quite penniless and very hungry, he said he felt enraged, and asked him again in a threatening manner would he give him sixpence or would he not. Sir George turned and struck at him with his walking-stick, and said, if there were a constable within sight of him, he should have several nights' lodgings free of cost. The man said he had a stout ash stick with a thick knob in his own hand, and as Sir George spoke and aimed the blow at him, he aimed one in return—and not one, but three or four. At the second blow on the side of his head Sir George staggered; at the last blow, which caught his temple, he fell like a stone. The man said he never meant to kill him, and when he saw him fall the first thing he did was to drop his stick and run; then, remembering that he was penniless still, he turned back and snatched at the baronet's watch-chain and the purse from his breast-pocket. The watch-guard was too strong to be easily broken, and the swivel being fastened to the button-hole in an intricate manner, he actually, in his fear and haste, left the watch where it was found, lying beside the body. He never attempted to take the ring or valuable studs either, which, of course, gave the murder the appearance of being one which was committed for anything but the sake of plunder; and, as he fled along in the direction of the Castle here, he opened the purse, put its contents, which were five sovereigns and some silver, into his pocket, and, as he ran through the mill-field by the river, threw the purse into the water. As he emptied the purse, he said, something white like a little book dropped out, but he did not stay to look. He just dropped the ivory pocket-book where poor Frank found it next morning and picked it up, thinking it was Miss St. Crewe's."

"And where's this fellow—this murderer—now?" Mr. O'Hara asked, clinching his hands.

"He's got to answer for something!"

"He has gone to answer for all his sins," Doctor Clarke said, solemnly. "He died four hours ago in the infirmary in Carlow. I have been with him since daybreak. He was badly mangled—his right arm and shoulder crushed in a steam mowing-machine on the day before yesterday, and, when they told him he was dying, he sent for me and confessed all, and said he hoped young Mr. O'Hara would forgive him. A poor craven wretch, a miserable out-cast, Mr. O'Hara, try to forgive him—he has to stand before another tribunal."

There had not been for years, there never has been since, in Rathmore, anything to equal the excitement of that day when Frank O'Hara, in an open carriage, with his father on one side of him and Doctor Clarke on the other, and Parnell of Derrybane and a brother-magistrate sitting facing them, drove back from the county prison through Rathmore; every one turned out to look and to cheer, and to welcome and to huzza, and to shake hands.

But the gazers and gossip-mongers had had one excessive disappointment that day. They had neither seen nor heard anything of the golden-haired girl for love of whom Frank O'Hara had so nearly forfeited his life.

Keen beyond words was the disappointment to him who looked so anxiously for her.

"Maud—where is Maud?" he said, hurriedly, scanning the group of welcoming faces on the doorstep; and, detecting instantly the momentary hesitation to reply, he reiterated feverishly, "Where is Maud—Mary, father, where is Maud?"

"She's not very well, Frank—she's not very

well," his father said, reluctantly; "she's been fretting so about you, poor thing! But you can go up and see her—can't he, Mary? You've told her, Molly, haven't you? Very well then—go up and let her know."

Frank had never, since the day of Maud's coming, caught a glimpse of the room which had been appointed to her, and although he had heard many grumbling accounts from Anastasia and Julia of "that girl's ideas and nonsense," and Mary had said that she had "never saw anything like the elegant way" in which Maud did things, he had known nothing further, and fairly stared when his father opened the door and motioned him in.

For Maud, with her artistic perceptions, her dainty tastes, and her clever fingers, had, with such simple aids as she could command, transformed the large, cold, bare-furnished chamber into quite an elegant-looking apartment. She had replaced the hideous skimpy dimity and knitted lace window-drapery with ample sweeping curtains of soft pure white muslin, looped back with broad pale-green ribbon; a large square of deep-green carpet covered the middle of the floor, her easel stood in one window, and on either side the dressing table and its white muslin and green-ribboned folds stood two tall snowy wicker *jardinières* with bouquets of white roses. There were brackets in ebony and white woods, there were numerous well-bound books, and the walls were hung with half a dozen simply-framed water color sketches; and on the little chintz-covered couch by the window, where the easel, with its green silk cover, stood, lay the fairest picture of all—Maud, in her white dressing-gown, her golden hair tossed back and curling over the pillow, a hectic flush burning through the delicate transparency of her complexion, her eyes fever-bright, her little thin hands clasped tightly over her breast to try to quell its tumultuous throbbing.

But when Frank went over, and, kneeling down, laid his head there, they unclasped themselves, and were folded around his neck instead.

"Oh, my darling," he said, looking at her in a kind of terror, and raising her from her pillow in his arms, "you have been very ill, and no one told me!"

"I have been ill for few days, Frank; I am better now," she whispered faintly; and, as he released her, she fell back helpless.

"Father, Maud's been very ill! Mary, why didn't you tell me?" Frank cried, looking round and addressing his father and sister, who, with their backs scrupulously turned, were gazing out of the opposite window, admiring the scenery and conversing politely like utter strangers.

"Well, we didn't want to give you trouble, Frank," Mary began, "and Doctor Clarke's been attending her every day; and he says it is only a kind of nervous fever, and what he calls 'depression of the vital forces,'" said Mary, bringing out the scientific phrase with unconcealable pride in her young surgeon's knowledge.

To Frank, strong in his own vigorous manhood, the sound of those ominous words, the sight of the fevered, beautiful face and the nerveless, wasted form, was simply like a fiat of death.

"Why, it has nearly killed her!" he said, slowly, with quivering lips, stooping down to look at her.

"Nonsense—nonsense, Frank!" his father said, coughing and using his handkerchief rather suspiciously. "It hasn't nearly killed her, nor anything like it! She'll live to plague you yet; won't you, Maud? She was upset and near fretted to death; weren't you, Maud? But she'll be all right in less than no time now; won't you, Maud? Listen to me now, little girl. You just get well as fast as ever you can, and we'll get the prettiest wedding-dress that can be made in Dublin, and you and Frank get married. And then he's to take you off to the South of France, to that pretty place you were talking about a while ago, where all the grapes and chestnuts are, you know. Ah, she likes that! She'll marry you for the sake of going off where the grapes and chestnuts grow, Frank. And you are to stay there until you are as well as ever."

He kissed her fondly and left the room.

"Maud, my darling, why are you crying? Don't you like what my father said?" Frank whispered.

"Ah, dear Frank," Maud said, earnestly, "that will never be! Neither long life nor earthly happiness is for me, any more than it was for my mother, or my mother's mother. We have all loved well and truly, Frank; but our love has always brought sorrow with it. My grandmother was happy a little while, my mother told me; she herself was happy just one year—from her marriage to my father's death—and so I may be."

Not quite the one year of happiness was vouchsafed to fair Maud—Frank O'Hara's beloved young wife, as she was then. The scorching blast of the adversity of those fatal weeks had withered up the fragile blossom of a life whose existence had never at any time taken deep strong root.

The sunshine of the pleasant South where she loved to be, the freshness of the rippling waves of the blue Mediterranean, the ceaseless care and tenderness of her lover-husband—their united influences kept sweet Maud O'Hara month after month lingering amongst those who loved her so on earth; but the time came when they all failed, and when Frank brought her home to fulfill her last wish—not to leave her "amongst strangers."

"I have been living all my life amongst strangers, Frank," she said. "I want to die and be buried near the only one that ever loved me except my poor mother—I want to be buried near you, Frank."

And so they buried Maud in Avonbank churchyard, within sight of the home that was to have been hers, but where her widowed

young husband lived alone with his sister Mary and her husband for a few years, and then he met his beloved Maud again, to part no more.

"Poor dear Uncle Frank did not live quite eight years after his wife's death, mother often told me." Doctor Clarke's eldest daughter said to me the other day, as she concluded this tale of thirty years ago, when I had asked her how the last of the name of O'Hara had died.

The State Elections.

THE election in Ohio, October 14th, resulted in the election of the Republican State ticket by about 20,000 majority. The same party elected 21 out of 37 Senators and 70 out of 114 Representatives—giving them a majority of 33 on joint-ballot in the Legislature. Nearly all the business and manufacturing centres of the State give Republican gains.

In Iowa the victory was equally decisive. The Republican plurality over the Democratic candidate for Governor is 75,000; over the Greenback candidate, 100,000; majority over all, 25,000. There was a Republican gain of thirty-four members of the Legislature, and the Greenback representation in the Lower House was reduced to one member. The Tenth and Sixth Congressional Districts, which last year elected Greenbackers, this year go largely Republican. The Seventh, which last Fall gave 200 Greenback majority, now gives 3,800 Republican majority. In the Fifth District the Republican candidate, nominated to fill a vacancy, is elected by 5,000 majority.

The Late Henry C. Carey.

THE foremost American political economist, Henry C. Carey, died in Philadelphia, October 13th, aged eighty-six years. No modern author was more widely known or excited a greater influence upon the thought of the world as to the subject which he specially treated. He was the son of Matthew Carey, a bookseller, and was born in Philadelphia December 15th, 1793. When only eight years of age he entered his father's store to learn the business, and he combined study with business until 1814, when he became a partner in the firm. His father retired in 1821, when he became the head of the firm of Carey & Lea, afterwards Carey, Lea & Carey. The system of trade sales, as a medium of exchange between bookkeepers, was established by him in 1824. In 1835 he withdrew from business and devoted himself to the study of political economy, and in 1836 he published an essay on the "Rate of Wages," which attracted wide attention. A year or two later the essay was expanded into his book on the "Principles of Political Economy," which was esteemed so highly by Frederic Bastiat, the noted French economist, that he adopted all its leading ideas and promulgated them as his own in his "Harmonie Economiques." This treatise, like the earlier one of Mr. Carey, was an attempt to demonstrate that the laws of economy all tend harmoniously to the progressive amelioration of human life; that there is, therefore, no real antagonism in society, but that the interests of all classes and individuals are essentially congruous and dependent. The publication was the occasion of a prolonged controversy between the friends of the two economists, Mr. Carey being soon credited with precedence, and his work was translated into Italian and Swedish, and noticed in leading politico-economical journals in Europe.

Originally a zealous advocate of free trade, Mr. Carey became convinced that free trade with foreign countries was impossible in the existing state of American industry; that a period of protection must first be gone through with, and that while free trade was an ideal to which the nation should tend, protection was the indispensable means of arriving at it. He was recognized as the founder of a new school of political economy, opposed to the rent doctrine of Ricardo and the Malthusian theory of population. The leading principles of his system are, briefly, that in the weakness of savage isolation man is subject to nature, and that his moral and social progress are dependent on his subduing nature to himself; that the land gains all its value from human labor; that primitive man, without tools and without science, begins upon light soils and advances to the subjugation of more fertile and difficult regions; that the interests of classes and individuals are harmonious; that there is a constant tendency to increase in the wages of labor, and to diminution in the rate, though to increase in the aggregate, of the profits of capital. In 1838 Mr. Carey published "The Credit System in France, Great Britain, and the United States," a work of profound erudition; in 1848, "The Past, the Present, and the Future," a production that was accepted as one marked by great vigor and originality of thought, written to controvert the doctrines of Ricardo, Malthus, and others. Succeeding works were those on "The Slave Trade," 1853; "Letters on International Copyright," "French and American Tariffs," "The Harmony of Interest," and several others. He was also a contributor to many newspapers, writing almost exclusively on subjects connected with political economy. His "Miscellaneous Works" were published in one volume in 1869.

In his old age he still enjoyed excellent health until very recently, his latest work, "The Unity of Law," having been written in 1873, when he was in his eightieth year. He lived to see his principal writings translated into German, Russian, French, Italian and Spanish. His eighty-third birthday was celebrated in Philadelphia by a feast, at which a number of friends who had attained a high rank in different fields of labor congratulated the veteran student, thinker, and writer upon the honor which he had achieved, and the hosts of friends and admirers he had secured in many countries of the world.

Personally Mr. Carey was a man of most prepossessing manners and appearance. His benevolent face, his piercing black eyes and silver-white hair made a welcome picture for years in the most enlightened society of Philadelphia. His house has received many men of letters and distinguished painters. He was an amateur in fine arts, and possessed an interesting collection of paintings. His library, too, was large and contained almost every known work of value on subjects connected with political economy.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Speed of Carrier-Pigeons appears to depend as much on the clearness of their sight as on the strength of their wings. In an experiment recently made with some Berlin pigeons, on a clear day, a distance of over 300 miles, from Cologne to Berlin, was accomplished in five hours and a half, or at the rate of nearly sixty miles an hour, while the most expeditious of a group let loose on a cloudy day took twelve hours to reach Berlin. It is not instinct, but sight, by which the carrier pigeon guides its flight.

The Small Nut Tomatoes are much used in Mexico in the form of syrup as a remedy in diseases of the respiratory organs and in bronchitis. The ripe fruit is carefully plucked and about twenty are cut up and thrown into a quart of water and are boiled to half the volume. The juice is expressed through linen, and about 500 grammes (one pound) of sugar is added and the whole boiled to a syrup. The result is a slightly acid syrup, agreeable to the taste and valuable for the purposes indicated above.

In exploring the bulk of the *Vanguard* which was run into and sank off the coast of Ireland, dynamite and electricity were employed. Immediately after the explosion the surface of the water was covered with the floating bodies of vast numbers of fish, so numerous that the vessel performing the operation could not gather half of them. It is proposed to make use of this method to capture shoals of herring, relying upon the telegraph to announce the approach of the fish, so that the dynamite may be ready to be discharged at the proper time.

The Authorities of New Zealand have caused a comparison to be made in the intelligence of five children of natives and five of English parentage. The examination was in arithmetic, geography, writing, spelling and reading. In dictation the whites triumphed, but in arithmetic it was another affair; out of thirty problems, the natives solved twenty-two and the English fourteen. In grammar, a slight advantage in favor of the natives; in reading, the English ahead; in writing, the natives excelled. On the whole, the competition was about equal.

The Tshuds of Siberia.—One of the assistants on Professor Nordenskjöld's expedition has described in a Swedish journal a peculiar race, called the Tshudi, inhabiting the northeastern part of Siberia. They closely resemble the Greenlanders, are small, active, have a yellow skin, with coal-black eyes and hair and a stolid expression of face. Their women are tattooed in the face. On their intercourse with the crew of the *Vega* they were a little shy, but curious, like penguins, and willing to help. Their language is a great puzzle to philologists, and on this account was closely studied by Professor Nordenskjöld, and a collection of 300 words was made.

Two Englishmen. Henry F. Tozer and T. M. Crowder, have recently ascended Mount Argens, the highest peak in Asia Minor. At a height of nearly 10,000 feet they reached the base of the final peak, which rose fifty feet higher, and was perpendicular and wholly inaccessible. The view was magnificent, but the most remarkable feature was the mountain itself, for the lofty pinnacles of porphyry which rose around and beneath them, veritable needles, were as wonderful a sight as could well be conceived. They found rock dwellings excavated close to the summit, and these chambers were clearly artificial, for the marks of the chisel were evident along the roof and walls, and there were niches cut in the sides.

New Use of Glass.—Dr. F. Siemens, of Dresden, has invented a new kind of glass produced by subjecting the molten mass to high pressure during the operation of annealing. The product differs from the *De la Bastie* glass in not being explosive, while it equals that article in resisting the action of heat and cold and concussion. Some of the English tramways have been experimenting with this glass by casting sleepers three feet long, four inches wide and six inches deep, which are molded to fit accurately the rail. Bearing plates are placed under the joints, and the rails are attached to them. Such a sleeper, resting on supports thirty inches apart, breaks with a weight of five tons. Glass, unlike wood, is practically indestructible by moisture, and is, of course, not so heavy as cast-iron. The glass sleepers cost about the same as iron ones.

Chlorine Decomposed.—Professor Victor Meyer, in association with his assistant, Karl Meyer, has been for some time occupied with the behavior of elementary substances, at very high temperatures, in the laboratory at Zurich. The elements oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur and quicksilver were exposed to the temperature of 1570°C in a peculiar apparatus invented by Professor Meyer, but they withstood the test, and disclosed no properties differing from theory. Very different results, however, were arrived at with chlorine. This gas was so split up that out of two molecules of the supposed element three new molecules were produced. One molecule was supposed to be oxygen, according to test applied to it, and the other two Professor Meyer proposes to call murium. According to this experiment chlorine is really murium oxide and not an element. Similar results were obtained with iodine and bromine, two bodies very analogous to chlorine in all their chemical properties.

Curare as an Anæsthetic.—At the last meeting of the Boston Microscopic Society, Dr. A. N. Bloodgett read an interesting paper on curare, the South American arrow poison, which is now used to render lower animals unconscious during surgical operations. Curare produces insensibility without interfering with the functions essential to life, and supplies a need that the medical profession have long felt, in that it does not require watching when administered, as do ether and chloroform. The exact derivation of curare does not seem to be definitely known, but it is said to be prepared by scraping the young bark of two plants of the same species as that from which strychnine and Indian hemp are derived. The bark is exhausted in water, mixed with other vegetable substances, and evaporated until it forms a thick paste. It is much more energetic in its action on some classes of animals than on others. Birds are more profoundly affected than quadrupeds, and reptiles much larger than birds. It is generally administered hypodermically in exceedingly minute doses. It is said to be a remedy for hydrophobia when given in heroic doses.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science.—The French Association for the Advancement of Science met at Montpellier on August 28th. The President this year is M. Baudouin, the late Minister for Public Instruction. He devoted his opening address entirely to generalities on the necessity of providing a good education for the young, but made no allusion to the School Bill proposed by his successor, M. Ferry, which so much agitates the public mind at the present time. There were no addresses of the chairmen of sections, so that it is difficult to have an idea of the opinions of the members on the topics of the day. The most elaborate experiments on electric lighting were shown, together with a display of the apparatus employed in research and bearing upon the history of the subject. The telephone in all its forms was also exhibited and commented upon. The local botany was expounded by M. Charles Martius, a brilliant writer and the director of the Montpellier Botanical Garden. M. de Quatrefages, the opponent of Darwin and Haeckel, gave an interesting account of the Congress of Anthropology recently held at Moscow. Montpellier was the birth-place of Auguste Comte and the scene of the discovery of bromine by Balard.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CANON SPARKE, of Ely Cathedral, England, lately deceased, leaves \$800,000 to his heirs.

ALDERMAN SIR FRANCIS WYATT TRUSCOTT has been unanimously elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

THE alumni of Trinity College have erected a headstone at the grave of "Professor Jim" Williams, janitor of the college for over forty years.

THE Count de Paris has written a letter to the Count de Chambord declaring that he remains faithful to the fusion between the Orléanists and the Bourbons.

C. W. STEVENS, a Dartmouth Scientific School graduate of 1877, is assistant astronomer at the national observatory of the Argentine Republic of South America.

THE executors of the estate of Oakes Ames have filed a petition to the Bristol County Probate Court to sell \$1,300,850 worth of real estate of deceased, to pay the charges and drafts.

In January next a postage-stamp of a new design is to be issued in Great Britain. It will bear a portrait of the Queen as she appears in mature age, and not, as now, a likeness of Her Majesty when she had just entered womanhood.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Gideon B. Perry, D.D., LL.D., at Hopkinsville, Ky. He was the last surviving kinsman contemporary of Commodore Perry, and was born under the same roof at Kingston, R. I., October 12th, 1800.

MOSES WILLIAMS, who was present at the unveiling of the "Quincy Statue," at Boston, is the only living member of the City Council under Quincy's administration as Mayor, and also the only living man who bought original lots each side of Quincy Market.

M. VIOLLET-LE-DUC was a man of nerve, and showed it even in the last great extremity of life. Apoplexy caused his death, and when the first blow fell he drew out his penknife and attempted to cut a vein; his brain and hand were still before he could accomplish his purpose.

HENRY H. FARNUM, President of the National Bank of Port Jervis, N. Y., and one of the wealthiest men in Orange County, died October 14th, after a short illness. He was 71 years of age, and leaves a fortune estimated at \$1,000,000 to his widow, to whom he was married but six days.

THE Unitarians of Hungary, who number about 60,000 souls, have just commemorated the martyr death of their founder, Francis David, which occurred three hundred years ago. Delegates were in attendance from England. Bishop Ferencz, the ecclesiastical head of the church, delivered an address on Francis David.

DR. F. JULIUS LE MOYNE, one of the oldest citizens of Washington County, Pa., a physician well known throughout Western Pennsylvania, and somewhat famous for his efforts to have cremation take the place of burial in the ground, died at his home in Washington, Pa., October 14th, in the eighty-second year of his age.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, Windsor Castle, has been reopened for renovation. A beautiful memorial of the late King of the Belgians has been placed in the chapel by the Queen, bearing the inscription, "Erected by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in loving memory of Leopold, the first King of the Belgians, who was as a father to her, as she was to him a daughter."

FRIEDRICH BENEDETTI, who took a prominent part in the 1848 revolution in Austria, and at whose instance the Jesuits were then expelled from Graz, has committed suicide at the age of seventy-four. He suffered eight years' imprisonment after 1848, was a disciple of Ronge, and had lately been absorbed in the study of the revolutionary history of all countries.

ONE of the veterans of the New York Post Office, Julius Meire, died October 13th. Mr. Meire was over ninety years old, yet his mental faculties were unimpaired. He knew most of the modern languages, and had served in Napoleon's army, participating in the retreat from Moscow. He was Professor of Modern Languages at the Annapolis Naval Academy before he became connected with the New York Post Office in 1862.

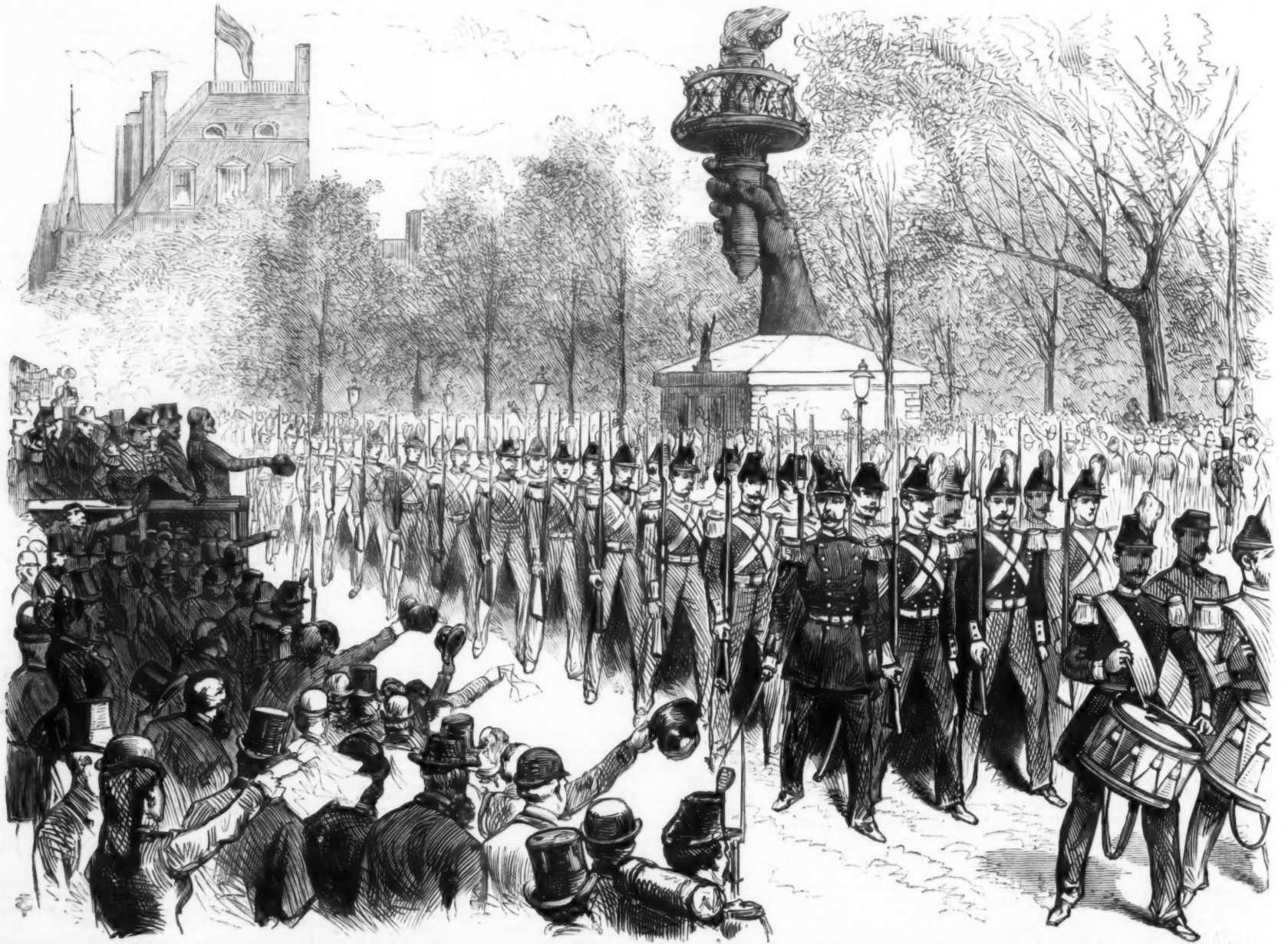
THE King of Siam, appreciating the results of the English education of his childhood, is giving the same advantages to his own children. Princess Civil, his bright, clever little ten-year old daughter, receives from an accomplished English lady regular instruction in French, English and German, music, dancing and drawing. The Queen, her mother, takes great interest in the lessons, and is so pleased with foreign ways that she talks of adopting the European dress.

ON October 13th, His Grace the Most Rev. John Baptist Purcell, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati, celebrated the forty-sixth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopacy of the Roman Catholic Church, having been appointed by the late Pope Gregory XVI. to succeed Bishop Fenwick as Bishop of Cincinnati, and consecrated to that high office on the 13th of October, 1833. It is only a few months ago—the 21st of May last—that the venerable archbishop celebrated the fifty-third anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

SOME accounts allege that there were 30,000 persons present at the great anti rent meeting at Navan, Ireland, on October 12th, in honor of Mr. Charles S. Parnell. Mr. Parnell was most enthusiastically received. Scores of triumphal arches spanned the streets. During Mr. Parnell's speech there were shouts in favor of shooting landlords. Messrs. Sullivan, O'Connor, Power, and O'Sullivan also spoke. The last named declared that shooting landlords could do no good in the future, whatever it might have done in the past.

THE Archduchess Christina is to wear a bridal veil of Brussels point-lace worked with the arms of the different kingdoms into which Spain was once divided. It is the gift of her aunt, the Queen of the Belgians. The young lady's bridal dress is of silver cloth embroidered in garlands with sparkling white jet. Many of her new costumes are copies of the fashions of the time of Louis XIII. One of them is of blue embossed velvet and opal-colored satin trimmed with fringes of small pearls intermingled with silver lace. Her cambric handkerchiefs are worked with the arms of Spain and Austria in gold thread.

MR. PARNELL, the present leader of the Irish people, is English by descent, his family having settled in Ireland in the reign of Charles II. The celebrated poet, Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher, the friend of Pope, Addison and Swift, was an ancestor of his, as were also Sir John Parnell, Bart., M.P. for Queen's County and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Henry, M.P. for Rothleague, the celebrated commentator on the penal laws. Mr. Parnell's mother is an American, the daughter of one of our naval officers, and resides now with her daughters in New Jersey, passing the Summer usually at Newport. He was educated at Cambridge University, is only thirty-three years old, of very gentlemanly appearance and manners, and, though not eloquent in the usual sense, is vigorous and clear in speech. Though his landed estate yields only £1,400 a year, he is rich in American and other securities.



NEW YORK CITY.—FALL REVIEW OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, OCTOBER 15TH.—THE OVATION TO THE GATE CITY GUARDS OF ATLANTA, GA.

FALL REVIEW OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, S. N. Y.

THE regular Fall review of the First Division of the National Guard, State of New York, by the Governor, took place on Wednesday afternoon, October 15th, at the Worth Monument on Fifth Avenue. A large stand was erected near the monument for Governor Robinson and staff, and guarded by a detachment of the Seventh Regiment. It was estimated that there must have been at least 30,000 men, women, and children packed in the square surrounding the stand. Travel in the streets was obstructed, and it was a difficult matter for the police and the sentinels on duty to keep clear a passageway wide enough for the march of the troops.

The Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Georgia, occupied a position in advance of the division. In a column of fours, twenty-file strong, they moved down the avenue. To avoid the wagons, which at this time had not been removed from the west side of the park, they moved to the right and left oblique, and changed from column of fours to double-file with such military precision as to call forth

consisting of the Seventh Regiment, 10 companies of 24 files; Sixty-ninth Regiment, 10 companies of 16 files; the Eighth Regiment, 8 companies of 16 files, wearing the new gray overcoats issued by the State, and Battery B. The First Brigade, General Ward, followed, consisting of the Twenty-second Regiment, 10 companies of 20 files; Fifth Regiment, 8 companies of 12 files, whose band and bugles played

different tunes at the same time; Twelfth Regiment, 8 companies of 16 files, also with the new overcoats, and Battery K. General Vilmar came next with the Second Brigade, which comprised the Seventy-first Regiment, 8 companies of 16 files, whose drum corps was the only one to salute the colors in passing; Eleventh Regiment, 9 companies of 16 files, wearing helmet hats with cavalry plumes; Ninth Regiment, 10 companies of 20 files, and the Third Regiment of cavalry.

In the evening Governor Robinson was serenaded at his hotel by a political club, and in a brief speech he complimented the National Guard for its excellent appearance and efficiency.

THE UTE MASSACRE.

MAJOR THOMAS T. THORNBURGH, of the Fourth United States Infantry, who was killed by the Ute Indians, at Milk Creek, Col., on Monday, September 29th, was appointed to the Military Academy from his native State, Tennessee, July 1st, 1863.



JOSEPH RANKIN, THE COURIER WHO BROUGHT THE NEWS OF THE MILK RIVER DISASTER.

repeated bursts of applause from the spectators. Even the tall white plumes upon their caps seemed to sway from side to side in unison. They were given a position in front of the grand stand. The military procession was preceded by a squad of mounted police. General Shaler, commanding the Division, followed, his staff taking position, mounted, next that of the Governor, while he rode at the Governor's side. After the Separate Troop of Cavalry and the Gatling Battery came the Third Brigade, General Varian,

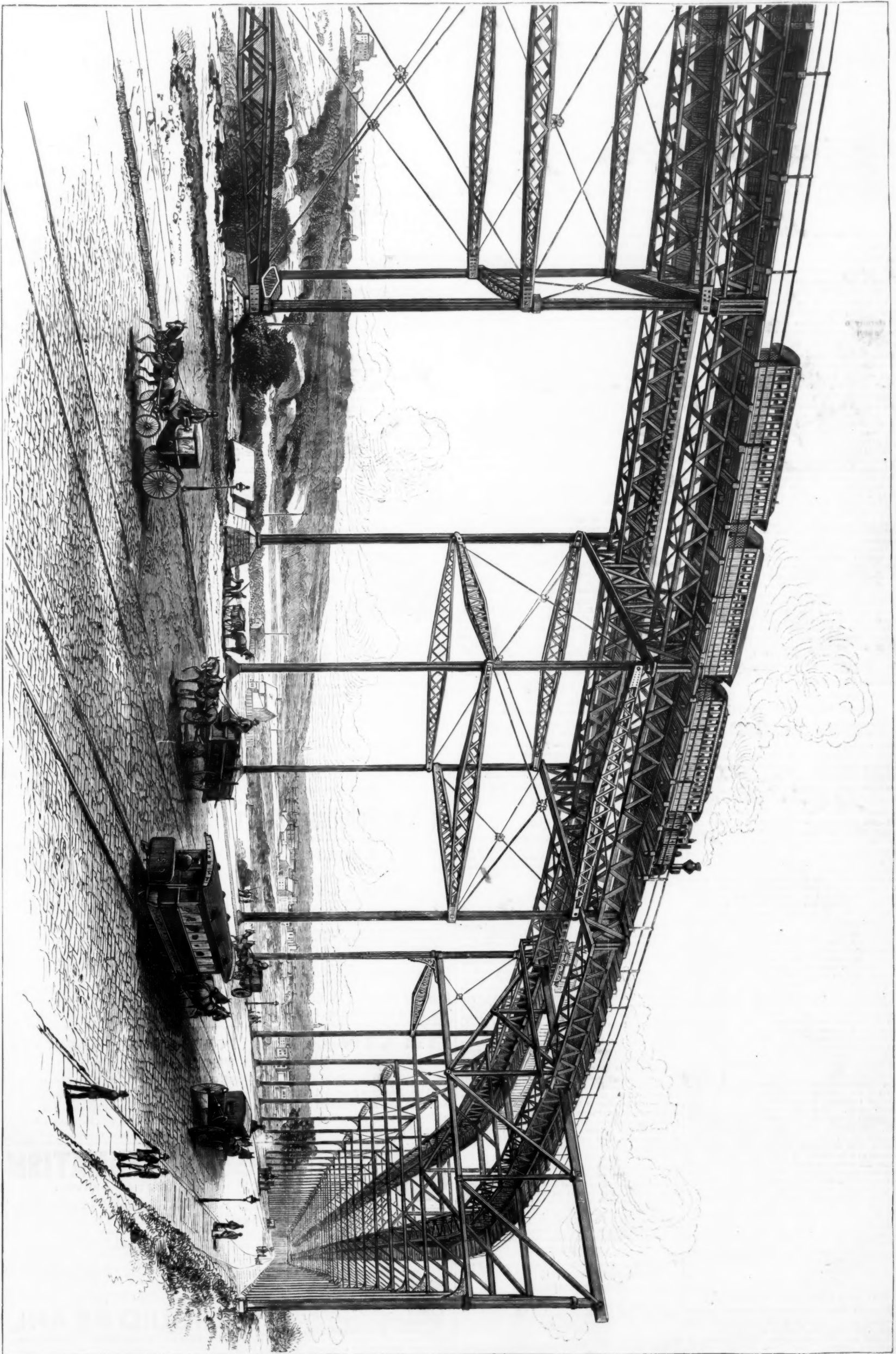


NEW YORK CITY.—NEW HALL OF THE DELTA PSI FRATERNITY ON TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 146.



THE LATE MAJOR THOMAS T. THORNBURGH, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PULLMAN.

In 1867 he graduated and entered the army as second lieutenant in the Second Artillery; three years later he was commissioned first lieutenant, and in 1875 he was transferred to the Pay Department of the Army as major. After serving some time upon the staff of General Crook, he was permitted to make an exchange with Major G. H. Thomas, of the Fourth Infantry, and was given the command of Fort Fred Steele, Wyoming Territory. He was a very active and powerful man, fully six feet two inches in height, a magnificent



NEW YORK.—THE EXTENSION OF THE METROPOLITAN ELEVATED RAILROAD.—VIEW ON EIGHTH AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 139.

rifle shot and a daring horseman. In the attack by the Utes, Major Thornburgh was shot in the breast while leading his men in a counter-charge, and instantly killed. His body lay where it fell until Captain Dodge, with his company of colored cavalry, effected a union with the remnant of the band under Captain Payne.

"Joe" Rankin, who acted as Major Thornburgh's guide in the fatal march, is about thirty-five years of age, and five feet eight inches in height. He has a thorough knowledge of the country. After the first fight he volunteered to go in search of reinforcements. His favorite horse, a beautiful and large black one, was killed during the engagement. He was thus compelled to take a strange animal. On the trip he exchanged horses three times, and made the distance—165 miles—in a little less than twenty-four hours. When General Crook heard of the massacre, he engaged "Joe" to guide General Merritt and his relief command to the hastily entrenched position of Captain Payne. Early in the evening of October 5th, Merritt reached the little camp, to find that Captain Dodge and his colored troops had literally cut their way through the hostiles and joined the beleaguered Payne.

A NEW COLLEGE ENTERPRISE—THE DELTA PSI HALL.

AMONG the buildings recently erected in this city, an odd-looking structure in Twenty-eighth Street attracts especial attention from curious observers. Symbolic Greek letters and a large letter T upon the point of the quaint-looking peaked roof indicate that it is the chapter-house of the Delta Psi Fraternity of Columbia College. The building is in the style of the French Renaissance, three stories high, and very bold in design. It is entirely of brick, the substantial parts being of red and all the trimmings of yellow brick, after a pattern seen in only one or two other buildings in New York. There are no windows on the third story, their place being supplied by ornamental brick-work. Upon the cornice is a pediment supported on pilasters and bearing a large stone owl, and underneath is a shield bearing the Greek symbols for Delta Psi. The sign referred to as the letter Tau upon the pointed roof is the badge of the fraternity. The interior of the building is fitted for all the purposes of a college society, and none but members of Delta Psi are to be admitted within its portals. On the first and second floors are four handsome club-rooms, finely finished in wood, and on the third story is the chapter-hall, with an open rafter ceiling. In the rear of the building are symbolic stained-glass windows, but the chapter-hall is lighted only from within. Further details in regard to the building and its equipments are made known only to members of the secret order.

The Delta Psi is one of the youngest of college fraternities, having been founded at Columbia College in 1847. It has now nine chapters and 1,800 members, and has been represented in eighteen different colleges. It has chapter-houses at Trinity and Williams Colleges, and is about to build one at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale.

For many years the various fraternities having chapters in New York City have had under consideration plans for building chapter-houses, but the expense attendant upon such an enterprise has always deterred them from undertaking anything definite. Should the Delta Psi's experiment prove successful, Psi Upsilon will soon provide itself with a similar building, and the example will no doubt be followed by others.

How Whittier's Portrait was Painted.

A Boston artist is finishing a portrait of John G. Whittier from a fine picture painted four years ago, when the poet was in feeble health. The way by which the artist obtained the poet's consent to a sitting is interesting. It is well known that Mr. Whittier dislikes to sit for even a photograph, but the painter went to see the poet, telling him frankly the object of his errand. "But I don't want a picture of myself," said Whittier. "I know it," answered the artist, "but 300,000 people want it." This non-plussed Mr. Whittier, and he said, "Do you believe it? Why, I never thought of such a thing." The artist wished to appoint the day for a sitting, asking the poet to suit his own convenience, but the repugnance was again stirred, and he said, "But I do not want to sit. There are enough pictures of me now, and who will care to preserve any painting of me?" "That's not a question for you to decide, Mr. Whittier," said the artist. "Some day, when it will be too late, they will get together some of those old photographs floating about the country, which you now despise, and they will patch together a painting which they will hand down to posterity as Whittier, something that will not look any more like you than a crow. And you ought not to allow it." This presentation of the case staggered Mr. Whittier, and he said: "Why, I never looked at it in that light before." So the day was appointed for a sitting. The day came, but not Whittier. Two months after the artist answered the studio bell, and Mr. Whittier stepped in with the salutation: "Well, are you ready for me?" Fortunately, the artist had a canvas prepared, and he answered: "Yes; sit right down." Mr. Whittier was restless and silent and remained about three-quarters of an hour. The next time he staid longer, but, as he is not communicative, the man of the brush worked silently, not wishing to annoy the sitter. At the next sitting Whittier was interested in the work, and left his chair frequently to inspect it. This time he remained contentedly three hours, and talked freely. Although he always avoids any mention of his poems, the conversation drifted that way, and, among much interesting conversation, he gave the origin of "Maud Muller." He was driving with his sister through York, Me., and stopped at a harvest-field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near the stone-wall stopped to answer their inquiries. Whittier noticed, as she talked, that she bashfully raked the hay around and over her bare feet, and she was fresh and fair. The little incident left its impression, and he wrote out the poem that very evening. "But if I had had any idea," he said, "that the plucky little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it." Yes, and probably robbed it of its tender beauty, and spoiled it. To the inquiry as to the title, "Maud Muller," he said it was suggested to him, and not a selection. It came as the poem came.

THE TORTURES OF NEURALGIA.

THESE are being mitigated, and in a large number of cases wholly removed, by the use of "Compound Oxygen," the new revitalizing agent which is now attracting such wide attention. Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. STANLEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FUN.

CAN rivalry between churches be called a steep-chase?

My son, emulate the mule; it is backward in deeds of violence.

WHY is the vowel "o" the only one ever sounded?—Because all the others are inaudible.

THE man who most feelingly recognizes that all flesh is grass is the one who has the hay fever.

YOU never know that the country is on the verge of ruin until it becomes necessary to choose new officers.

STOVES that have been cared for during the Summer vacation now begin to show themselves grateful.

MOTHER (very sweetly, to children who have just had a distribution of candy)—"What do children say when they get candy?" Chorus—"More!"

FATHER (addressing his little boy, who has brought home a bad mark from school): "Now, Johnnie, what shall I do with this stick?" Johnnie: "Why, go for a walk, papa!"

DIALOGUE between uncle and nephew: "But I tell you, dear uncle, this woman is not like other women." "Tut, tut, nephew, they are all precisely alike—as a general thing; and as for particular cases, they are worse still."

LIVERPAD had been ill for some weeks, and Jones, meeting Smith, asks, "How's Liverpad, Jones? Any better?" "Well," says Smith, "his physician is hopeful?" "Yes, yes," responds Jones; "that's all very well; but is his undertaker hopeful? That's more to the purpose! Jones is such a peculiar fellow."

"HERE'S a tolerable challenge o' weather fur the better," said Corydon, "come at last. Notwithstanding the wet Summer, I expect we are gwin to ha' summum like a bit o' a harvest ater all." "Don't thee holler," answered Thyrsis, "afore thee bist out o' the 'ood." "Out of the 'ood, dost thee say?" retorted the other husbandman. "Naa, mate: thee mane'st out o' the waater."

FIGURES DON'T LIE.

SPARTA, Union Co., Oregon, May 30th, 1879.

BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Sirs—The package of "Butter Maker" forwarded by you to W. W. Ross, Esq., of this place, was handed over by him to me for trial, and orders to report the results to you, as I have the management of his dairy.

I have the honor to report that one gallon of sweet cream churned at a temperature of 55 deg., and treated with the Butter Maker according to directions accompanying package, produced four and one-half pounds of butter of a fine golden color, and firm, waxy texture, and of delicate flavor; time occupied in churning and gathering the butter, twenty minutes.

One gallon of sweet cream, same lot, churned without the powder, produced four pounds of butter several shades lighter in color, not so firm or waxy in texture, but no perceptible difference in flavor; time occupied in churning, at same temperature as above, forty-five minutes. The fine, even grain, rich, golden color, increased quantity from the same amount of cream, and the difference of time occupied in the churning and gathering the butter, are greatly in favor of using your preparation, and I have no hesitation in recommending the same to my friends and the public generally.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

GEO. W. EASTERBROOK.

BURNETT'S KALLISTON.—No part of our physical organization is more worthy of careful attention than the skin. Its delicate structure and mechanism render it sensitive to the slightest obstructions, whether arising from sunburn, from dust, or the changing air and wind. BURNETT'S KALLISTON is prepared expressly to remove all these; and the result of its use is a perfectly healthful action, and a softness and loveliness of texture that health alone will induce.

MONEY MAKING.

MONEY.—For simplicity in money making in Wall Street, write CHAS. FOXWELL & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 115 Broadway, New York. By their new system it gives the \$10 to \$100 operator the same advantages as heretofore the \$1,000 or \$10,000 purchaser enjoyed.

BEWARE OF A SWINDLE.

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Brule Sioux.

What he Says of the Indian Police.

"The Wagon Experiment has Proved
Successful."

Result of the Land-allotment Scheme.

THE SECRETARY PREPARING A REPORT
ON THE UTE TROUBLE.

THE Department of the Interior at Washington, over which Mr. Carl Schurz presides with such signal and successful ability, is a very imposing edifice, modeled after the Parthenon at Athens, and is of the same dimensions. It is pure Grecian Doric, and measures 453 feet from east to west, and 331 feet from north to south, while it has an elevation of 75 feet, surmounted by an acroteria. The building contains 191 rooms, and cost \$2,700,000. Ascending a grand flight of steps, and entering by the chief portico, I found myself in a corridor which runs entirely round the main floor, and upon which open the various offices of the department. In the eastern wing is the bureau of the Secretary of the Interior, a fact that announces itself in white letters on a blue ground, after the fashion of the notice boards of the Western Union Telegraph Company. A very obliging attendant took my card into Mr. Schurz, and without a moment's delay I was ushered into a large, bright, lofty-ceilinged apartment, bearing all the evidences of being the workshop of an official in high authority. To the right are two doors leading to an inner sanctum, wherein the Secretary holds special conference with special visitors; to the left, a door giving upon the offices of the first secretary and the host of minor officials to whom the details of the management of our Indian Territory are relegated—Mr. E. P. Hanna, the private secretary, has a desk in the bureau of his chief. I sank into a caressing morocco-upholstered chair, and while waiting for Mr. Schurz, who was engaged with the Indian Commissioner in the adjoining sanctum, took a survey of the apartment. The carpet is Brussels of a bright pattern, and the furniture black walnut, relieved by gilded lines, the lounges and chairs being upholstered in claret-colored morocco. The Secretary's table-desk stands in the centre of the floor, its broad surface covered with telegrams, reports and papers. Four flat baskets, all in a row, face his blotting-pad. Number one sternly confronts him with the inscription "Attention, Current Business!" Number two is the recipient of communications through the chief clerk. Number three is devoted to his first secretary, and number four to Miscellaneous.

"He is the most rapid worker," observed Mr. Hanna. "He never leaves anything undone, and makes a clean sweep of these baskets three and four times a day. He replies to every letter addressed to him."

Mr. Schurz writes with a pen constructed from the quill of an eagle. The walls are adorned with a collection of photographs of the Secretaries of the Interior, and with oil portraits by Stanley of Thomas Ewing, and Caleb B. Smith. An original portrait of Washington, by Wertmüller, hangs opposite the entrance door, the flesh tints rosy and ruddy, fresh as though laid on in 1876. A very conspicuous object is a war bonnet, presented to Mr. Schurz during his late visit to the Southern Cheyennes by Crazy Mule.

"I am now civilized," said the chief, as he handed the Secretary this relic of many a bloody foray, "and have no further use for it."

The bonnet is composed of four yards of blood-red flannel, thirty inches broad, beaded with one hundred eagles' feathers, each feather plucked from a particular place in the bird's wing, and each being valued at one dollar.

"I have a rarer and more valuable gift than this," observed Mr. Schurz. "I have the war-shirt that belonged to Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses. It is a royal robe, handed down for four generations, and it is decorated with one hundred weasels' tails. The traders have been after this shirt for years, but the chief would not part with it, and a higher compliment he could not have possibly paid me than when he presented it to me."

A photograph of Moses, chief of the tribes of Washington Territory, stands upon the mantelpiece. This man, phrenologically speaking, has a most superbly developed head, and is accounted the Talleyrand of the tribes. Bookcases filled with Acts of Congress and re-

ports occupy special corners, and while every available space is occupied by the impedimenta of official work, there is no litter. Everything would seem to be constantly in use, and everything would seem to have its own place, and—to keep it. A splendid map of the Indian Territory hangs upon the southern wall, and in the sanctum a water-color portrait of White Eagle, the Chief of the Poncas, in his war-dress, but who now wears the blue uniform of a captain of Indian police, the service recently organized with such signal success by Mr. Schurz. A clock, a barometer, a mantel mirror, and a handsome wash-fountain complete the furniture of the Secretary's bureau.

Mr. Schurz, having disposed of the Indian Commissioner, received me most graciously, and, flinging himself into his swivel chair, plunged without hesitation in *medias res*. He is fully six feet high, broad-shouldered, pigeon-breasted and slim-waisted. His hair is brown, and it has pretty much its own way; his beard is reddish and bushy; his eyes are dark-brown, and full of lively earnestness, if not of merriment; his hands and feet are small and "chiseled on the best lines." He ripples with fun, and, when narrating some of his experiences amongst the Indians, his vivid smile was as good as the heartiest laugh of many an ordinary man. He wore the whitest of vests, the blackest of coats and the grayest of pantaloons.

"Do you see these?" exclaimed the Secretary, presenting me with two sheets of parchment, emblazoned with huge red seals, from which many ribands of red and blue fluttered coquettishly. "They are two commissions in the Indian Police: one is for Lieutenant Big Heart, and the other for Captain Gray Bird. We are very proud of our Indian Police."

"It is a new service, is it not?" I asked.

for quelling disturbances amongst their own people. Also for capturing Indians of other tribes, who may turn up for the purpose of fomenting agitations. For instance, the other day two Indians were snapped up who came to the reservation in the hostile interests of Sitting Bull; and we have another instance of the capture of hostile Indians who were stealing ponies. When I lately visited the Brule Sioux three of these police rode ninety miles with me in the one day, having but one relay of horses. General Sherman asked me yesterday if, during my visit, I had any military escort, and when I told him that I had no escort of any description, he said that four years ago this would have been simply an impossibility. Why," added the Secretary, with a burst of enthusiasm, "I was as safe with the Sioux as if I was in this office."

"What about Sitting Bull?" I asked.

"Sitting Bull has the Bohemians, the *ravens*, with him, the Indians who want venison without working for it. It is quite a mistake to say that the Sioux are as well armed as our soldiers."

"Cannot the Indians purchase arms?"

"They can, outside the reservation, but not a weapon, not a cartridge, is sold inside. We



BRULE SIOUX WAGON TRAIN.

"It was only organized last year on the Sioux Reservation. They are volunteers selected by our agents and the aristocrats, the best-blooded young Indians. The chiefs are jealous of them, because they are selected without their intervention."

"What is the strength of this force?"

"One thousand. Congress only allows us \$5 a month for each man. It is not enough; we should pay them \$15. We give them their uniform which stands us in \$7 a suit, including hat. They use their own mounts, saddles and bridles. The uniform is a gray tunic with a single row of brass buttons; gray pants with a red stripe, and a soft black hat, with the words 'Indian Police' on the band. They also have shields on their breasts. The officers wear blue. We recently had a petition from them," laughed the Secretary, "urging that the uniform be changed to blue, as they wanted to look like the soldiers of the 'Great Father,' and less like horse thieves."

"What are their duties, Mr. Secretary?"

"They are used against horse-thieves and

have absolutely no power to interfere outside the reservation," and here the Secretary read the section of the Act of Congress.

"Are you in favor of appointing army officers as agents, as recently suggested, Mr. Secretary?"

"I do not care to express an opinion on that subject. When we had the land-surveys made, a detachment of troops was sent with the surveyors. No sooner did the military appear than a band of Indians, 250 strong, and all riding white horses, waited upon the agent and gravely demanded what the military demonstration meant, adding that they (the Indians) would protect the surveyors. During my recent visit, knowing the feeling of the Indians on this subject, I requested that no escort be sent with me."

The Attorney-General here demanded "word of speech" with the Secretary, and in a few moments Mr. Schurz returned, resuming the thread of his discourse.

"Our wagon experiment has proved immensely successful. We found the carrier-system unsatisfactory, and we resolved upon making the Indians their own carriers. We gave them wagons, and, although we were ridiculed on all sides, still persevered, with the result that 1,500 wagons are now running on the Indian reservations—500 in the Sioux."

"What is your opinion of the Indians as traders?"

"They are the best, the most economical and the most honest people we have to deal with. For instance, they have run short of provisions on more than one occasion, and there is not a single instance of their having broken open a package to satisfy their hunger. We have never lost a pound of freight. When a vessel arrives at Rosebud Landing, the agent announces that he will require a certain number of wagons and these are forthcoming in a trice. The great pride of the Sioux is in his whip, and he will pay as high as ten dollars for it. To demonstrate to you how highly the Sioux value our efforts on their behalf, I may mention that they stamped last year in the calendar with a wagon in commemoration of the new system, as they stamp the most remarkable occurrence of the year to mark the year."

"Had you any complaints from the Sioux when you met them in council, Mr. Secretary?"

"Just one, and that was that the school-teachers talked Dakota, and I was requested to urge upon them to confine themselves to English. I will give you one instance which will show you what confidence these people have in us. They have placed eighty of their children at school in Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, four of these being sons of Spotted Tail. There are no people on the face of the earth fonder of their offspring than the Indians, and the scene at the parting was of the most heart-rending description—the women in an agony of grief, the men actually weeping."

The Secretary here mentioned several instances of the devotion of Indian parents to their children. We now turned to the land-allotment question.

"You will see claim stakes by the dozen on the land," said Mr. Schurz, "and every respect is paid to the survey. As soon as the survey is approved, each head of a family gets his land. Then the houses begin. We give them sashes for windows, door-hinges, planks, shingles and a stove; they do the rough work themselves. I saw Big Foot seated triumphantly astride his roof, engaged in shingling it. The houses are 12 feet by 18, with sloping roofs, and contain two rooms. You would be astonished to find so many farms, and so well laid out with corn, pumpkins, squashes, etc. We have a Bill before Congress that we consider of the highest importance. It is a Land Bill, and it proposes to give the land to the Indians in fee simple, to be inalienable for twenty-five years."

"How many Indians are there in the Indian Territory?"

"Only 50,000 in the Territory. The whole number is 75,000. It will be very difficult to say what is Indian and what is not, by and by," laughed Mr. Schurz; "for example, I met an Indian whose father was a Scotchman and his mother a half-breed. His wife is a German and still his children are members of the Cherokee tribe. The present chief of the Cherokee Nation is a man named Thompson, who doesn't understand a word of English. I also encountered a full-blooded Sioux who spoke the purest French, and who referred to the Sioux as *ces sauvages*, 'Those savages.'"

"In your experience, Mr. Secretary, have you met any Indian capable of distinguishing himself in the intellectual field?"

"Well, no. What would appear extraordinary in an Indian would be very ordinary with one of us. Perhaps if Sitting Bull had received a university education, he might have achieved something. No," added Mr. Schurz, after some deliberation, "we can never make anything of an Indian but a policeman or a second rate farmer. By the system which we have so successfully inaugurated we may confidently look forward to absorbing the Indians until they will totally disappear in the great white family."

Mr. Schurz described some of the places he visited during his recent tour, especially the Council House, at Oenuldie, for the five nations—the Cherokees, the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles and Creeks—which cost \$13,000. He also quoted newspapers published by the Indians, partly in Indian and partly in Cherokee. The amount annually appropriated by Congress for supplying food, raiment, etc., to the Indian Territory is \$4,710,000, and the Trust Fund arising out of the sale of lands, etc., to credit of the Indians is \$4,000,000. The Treasury pays the civilized Indians in money; the uncivilized, in food and clothes. He also dwelt upon the stringent efforts being made by the Government to dissuade the Indians from polygamy.

Having asked Mr. Schurz to tell me something about himself, he laughingly replied:

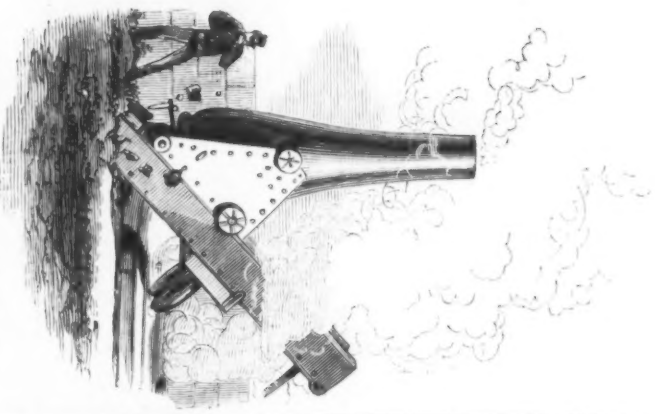
"That's exactly what I cannot do. My life is a very busy one. I rise late, and I go to bed very late. I get here at nine o'clock. I dine at five. I ride on horseback for one hour, and then to work till all hours," adding, with a bright laugh, "but somehow or other I am always cheerful. I have a lot of conflicting interests in my Department work. For instance, I have to deal with the Indian Office, the Land Office, the Pension Office, the Patent Office, the Railroad Office, the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Education; this, too, every day."

On the question of the Ute difficulty Mr. Schurz excused himself from speaking, as he was preparing a report on the subject for the information of the President, pending the presentation of which official etiquette imperatively demanded silence. To Mr. Schurz this Indian question is a problem which he feels himself bound to solve and one into which he has thrown himself *con amore*. The results of his policy already speak for themselves, and in selecting Mr. Schurz for the Secretaryship of the Interior, it is pretty evident that we have the right man in the right place. His action during the forthcoming session, when the question of handing over the government of the Indian Territory to the War Department comes to be debated, will be watched with eager interest by those who in their lone wild homes have come already to regard him as their champion and their friend.

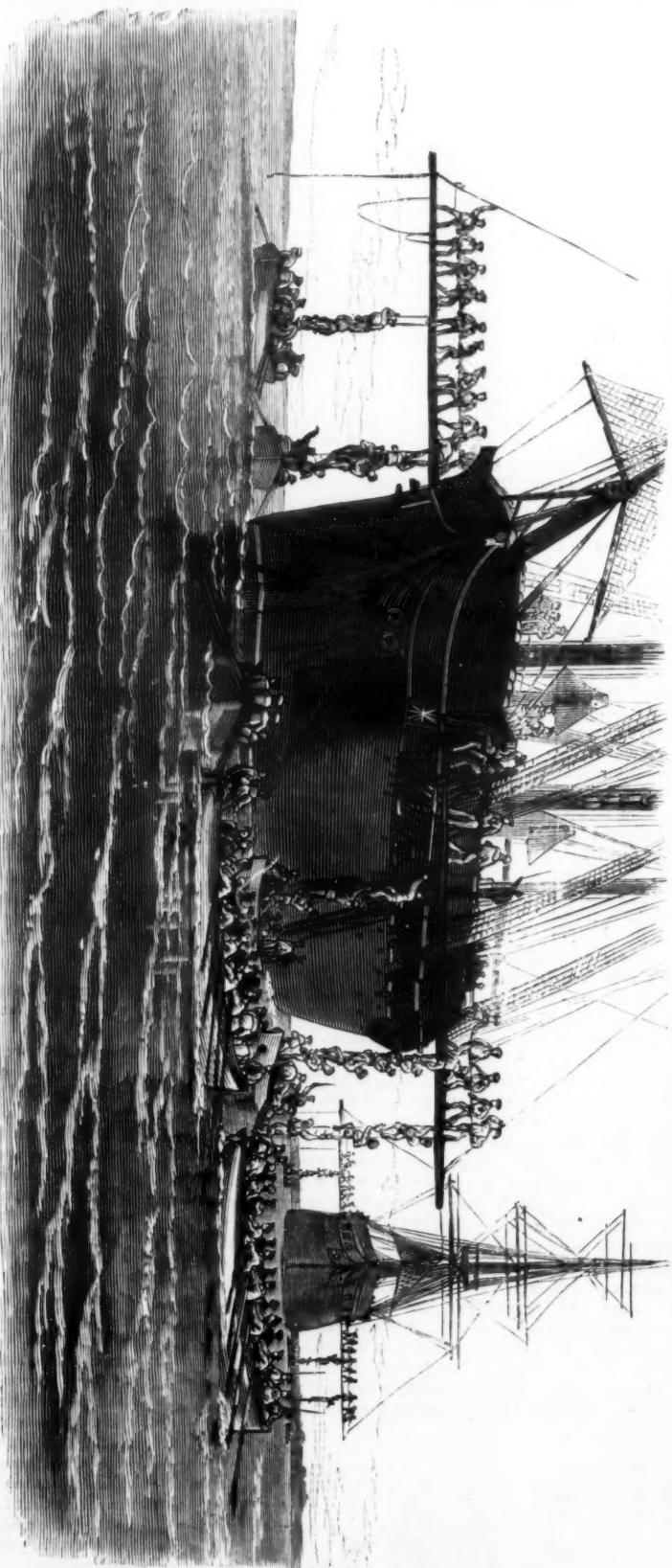
CRAZY MULE PRESENTING HIS WAR BONNET TO
SECRETARY SCHURZ.



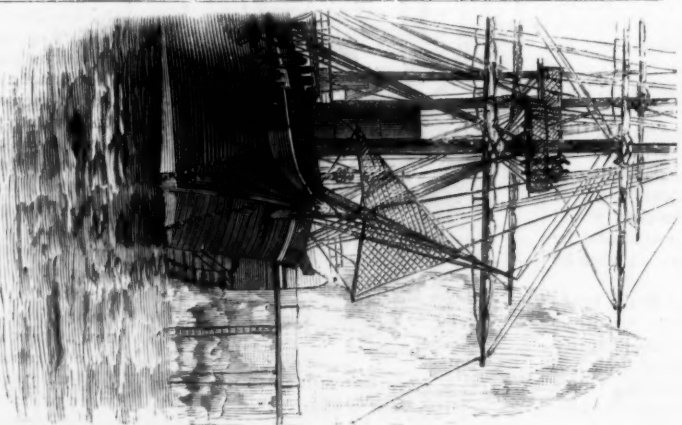
SALOES OF THE U.S.S. "POWHATAN" LANDING THE GATLING GUN FROM THE RAFT AT THE BEACH.



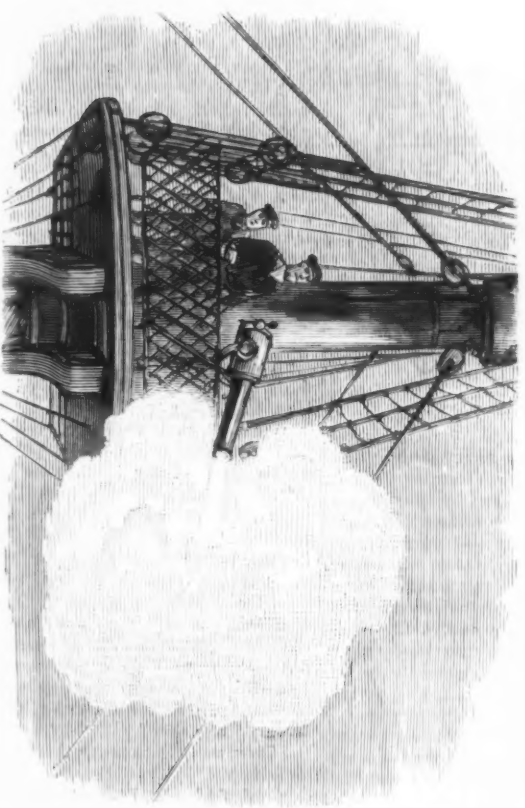
RESULT OF TRYING LIEUTENANT Z.'S SIGHT.



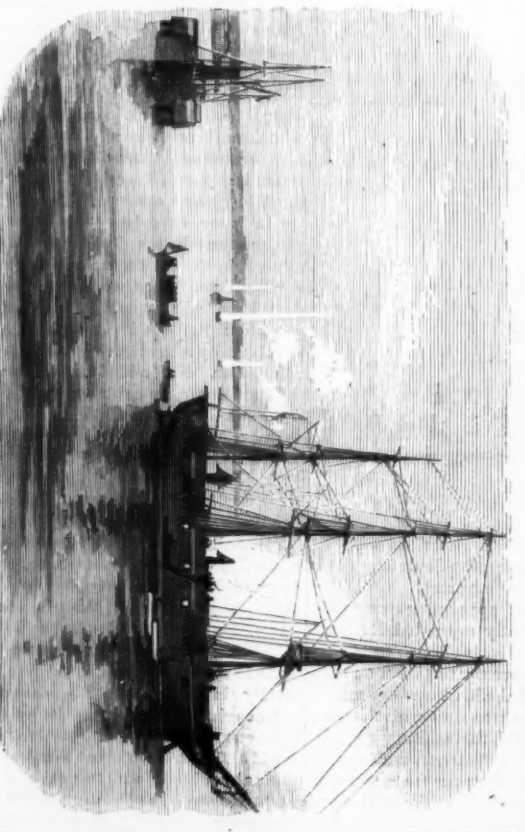
OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE U.S.S. "POWNMOUTH" EXECUTING ORDER, "ALL HANDS DESEAT SHIP!"



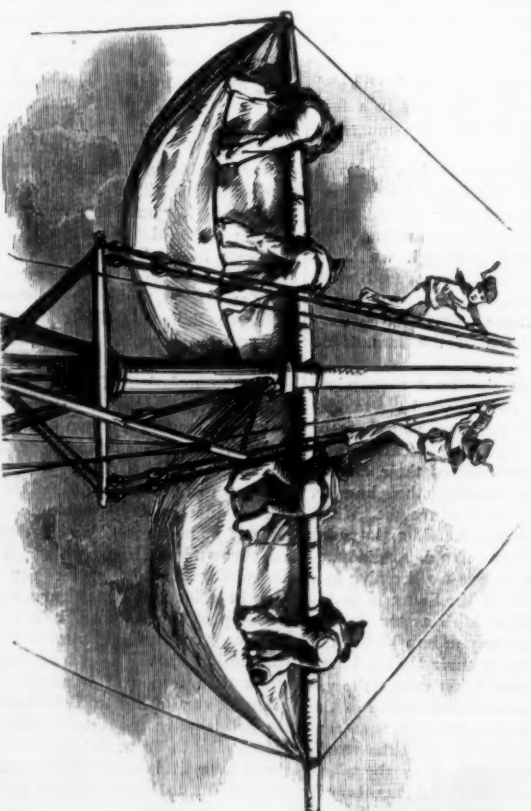
EXPLODING TORPEDO FROM THE "POWHATAN."



EXERCISE WITH A GATLING GUN FROM THE TOP.

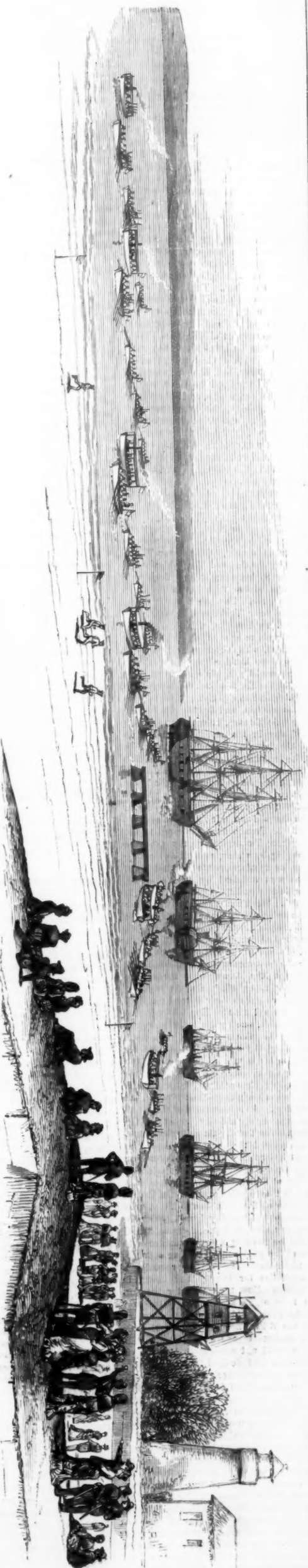


TARGET FIRING FROM THE "SARATOGA."

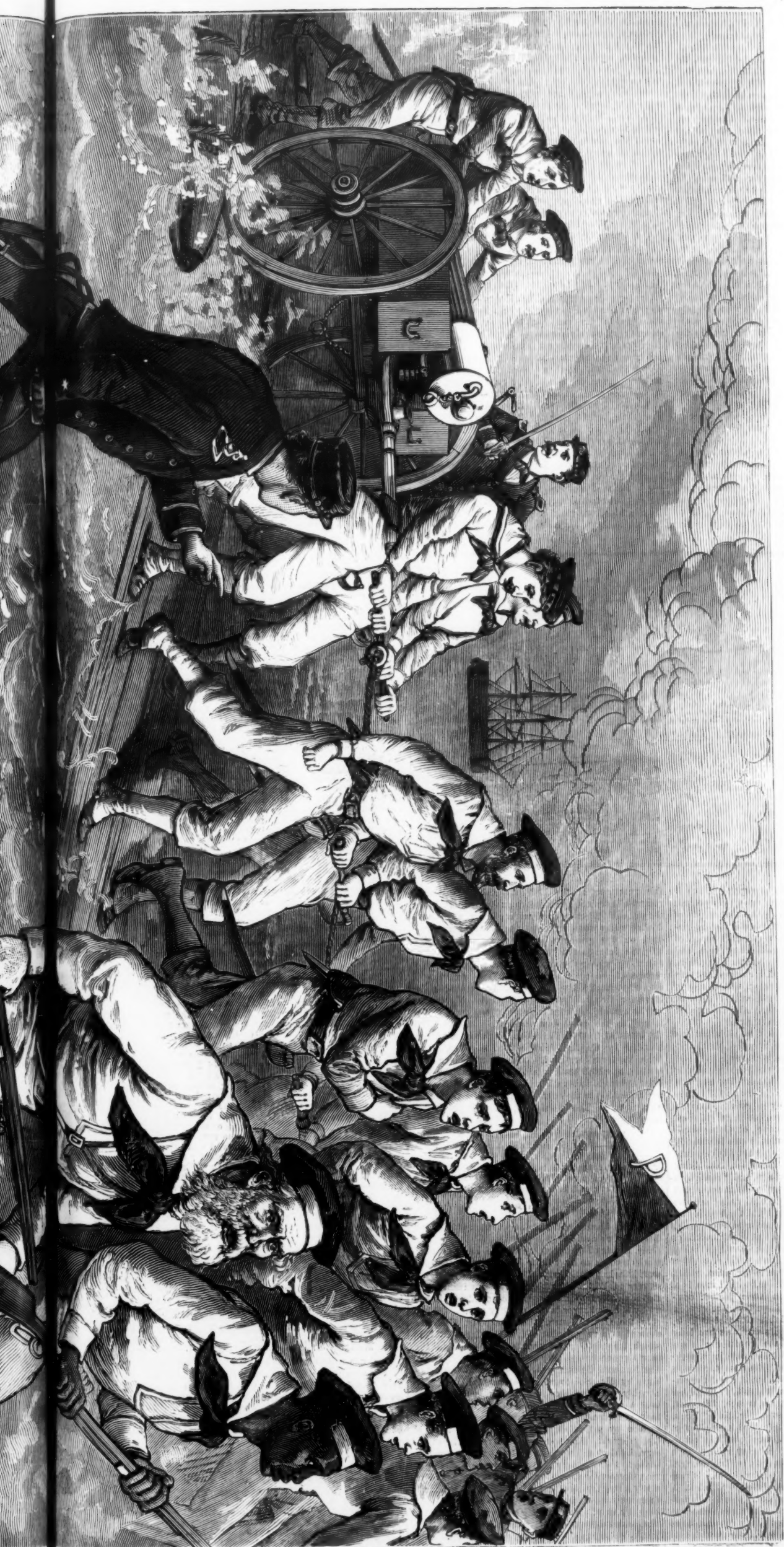


HEAVING SAILS ON BOARD THE "SARATOGA."

VIRGINIA.—GRAND NAVAL REVIEW AND MANOEUVRES OF NAVAL APPRENTICES IN HAMPTON ROADS, OCTOBER 14TH-15TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 152.



STORMING PARTY FROM THE FLEET LANDING ON THE BEACH AT FORTRESS MONROE.



CENTENNIAL OF YORKTOWN, VA.

THE TOWN AS IT APPEARS NINETY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER.

YORKTOWN when it surrendered Lord Cornwallis to George Washington would seem to have given up the ghost. It is dead and buried, and its sand is as the ashes of Herculaneum or Pompeii. It is pulseless. Twice has it been galvanized into spasmodic vitality since the memorable 19th of October, 1781. Once during the war of 1812, when the British ventured up the York River and captured a revenue cutter, and again in the late civil war, when one-half of the town was blown into the air by the explosion of a powder magazine. The Yorktownites—there are only two hundred and fifty all told—are eager for recognition, so eager that they have continued to anticipate the centenary of the surrender of the British troops by two years, and the excitement in this out-of-the-way, shrunken, decayed town over the coming celebration has reached fever and frantic heat. Yorktown is 177 miles from Baltimore, seventy-two from Richmond, and forty-five from Norfolk. There is no railway nearer than twenty-five miles, and the telegraphic wire keeps at the same respectful distance. True, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company have purchased 8,000 acres, with a view to extending their line to the York River, but, like the statue of Washington, which was promised to the town by Congress some seventy years ago, and which is as yet unchiseled or unmodelled, the wary management of the Chesapeake and Ohio maintains a masterly inactivity, at which the Yorktownites, as is within their right, are exceedingly wroth. Before I describe this historical ruin, the great event in its history, and indeed in the history of the nation, demands a special mention.

Lord Cornwallis, after his celebrated march through Virginia, fortified himself in Yorktown, situated on the southern bank of the River York. Opposite Yorktown is Gloucester Point, projecting considerably into the river, the breadth of which at that place does not exceed a mile. Gloucester Point, was also fortified by the doomed English general, and the communication between it and Yorktown commanded by ships of war that lay in the river under cover of his guns. The main body of his army was encamped near Yorktown, beyond some outer redoubts and field works, visible traces of which are still distinctly to be seen, and which were sketched by the artist, while Gloucester Point was occupied by some seven hundred men. Washington saw that if he could grapple with Cornwallis before the arrival of the English fleet in Chesapeake Bay—which might have in sight at any moment—that he had him on the hip, and despite the remonstrances of Count de Grasse, in command of the French ships of war in the river, proceeded to march upon Yorktown upon the morning of the 28th of September, his combined forces amounting to 11,000 men, exclusive of the Virginia militia. About midday the heads of the columns reached the ground assigned to them, and, after driving in the outposts and some cavalry, encamped for the night. At the same time that the combined army encamped before Yorktown the French fleet anchored at the mouth of the river, and completely prevented the British from escaping by water, as well as from receiving supplies or reinforcements in that way. Gloucester Point was watched by the legion of Launay and a brigade of militia. On the 30th Yorktown was invested. The French troops formed the left wing of the combined army, the Americans the right. The artist made his sketch from the French position in a spot called Frenchman's Field. On the night of the 6th of October the first parallel was begun, on the 9th the batteries were completed, and from that moment the town was incessantly "stormed at by shot and shell." On the night of the 11th the besiegers began their second parallel, and after dark on the 11th two English redoubts were carried by assault, one by the Americans, the other by the French. Cornwallis seeing himself hemmed in as though by a wall of steel, and his troops withering under a rain of fire, formed the desperate resolution of crossing the river during the night, and attempting his escape northward with his available forces via Maryland, Pennsylvania, the Jerseys, to New York. In prosecution of this perilous enterprise, the light infantry, most of the guards, and a part of the Twenty-third Regiment embarked in boats, passed the river, and landed at Gloucester Point before midnight. A storm then arose, which rendered the return of the boats, and the transportation of the rest of the troops equally impracticable. In that divided state of the British forces the morning of the 17th dawned. At ten o'clock on the forenoon of that day, Lord Cornwallis, seeing that every ray of hope had been extinguished, and that it would be nothing short of madness to attempt to defend the post, sent out a flag of truce, with a letter to General Washington, proposing a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, in order to give time to adjust the terms for the surrender of the forts of Yorktown and Gloucester Point; but Washington, still fearing the momentary appearance of the British fleet, replied that, while most ardently anxious to spare the further effusion of blood, he could not consent to lose time in fruitless negotiations, and desired that, previous to the meeting of the commissioners, his lordship's proposal should be transmitted in writing, for which purpose a suspension of hostilities for two hours should be granted. Meantime, General Washington, in order to avoid delay in useless discussions, drew up and submitted to Cornwallis such articles as he was willing to grant, informing his lordship that, if he approved of them, commissioners might be immediately appointed to reduce them to form. Accordingly, Viscount Noailles and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, on the 19th, met Major Ross, of the British Army, at Moore's House—still standing, and sketched by the artist—in the rear of the first parallel. Here they prepared a rough draft, but were unable definitely to arrange the terms of capitulation. The draft was to be submitted to Cornwallis, but General Washington, resolved to admit of no delay, directed the articles to be transcribed,

and on the morning of the 19th sent them to his lordship, with a letter expressing his expectation that they would be signed by eleven, and that the garrison would march out at two in the afternoon.

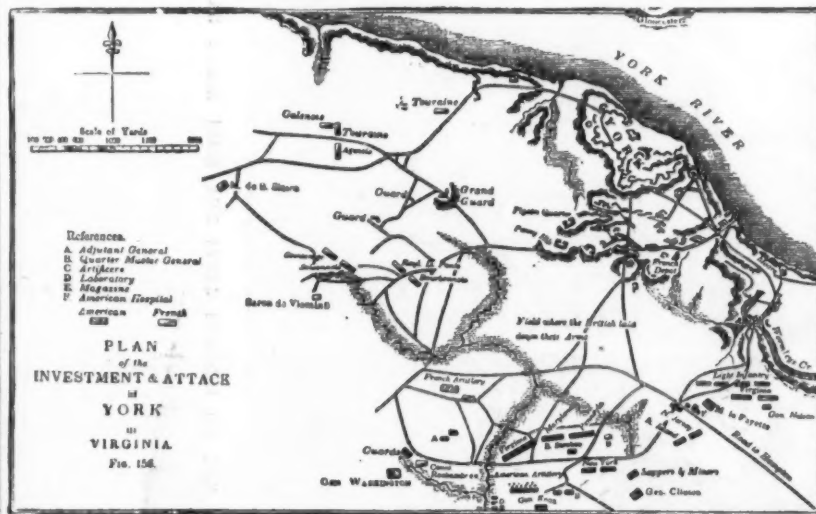
Finding that no better terms could be obtained, Cornwallis, on the 19th of October, surrendered the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester Point. The army, artillery, arms, accoutrements, military chest and public stores of every description were surrendered to General Washington; the ships in the harbor and the seamen, to Count de Grasse. The garrison marched out of the town with colors cased and drums beating. Exclusive of the seamen, nearly 7,000 persons surrendered, about 4,000 of whom were fit for duty. During the siege the garrison lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 552 men. By the surrender of the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester Point, the Americans gained possession of a large train of artillery, consisting of seventy-five brass, and sixty-nine iron cannon, howitzers and mortars, with a considerable quantity of arms, ammunition, military stores and provisions. One frigate, two ships of twenty guns each, a number of transports and other vessels, and about 1,500 seamen, surrendered to Count de Grasse. The combined army at Yorktown may be estimated at 16,000 men, consisting of 7,000 French, 5,000 Continentals, and 3,500 militia. Their loss during the siege amounted to 300 killed and wounded. On the day that Cornwallis surrendered, the English fleet sailed to his relief from Sandy Hook. It consisted of twenty-five ships of the line, two vessels of fifty guns each, and eight frigates, and arrived off the Chesapeake on the 24th, just five days too late.

The convention at Saratoga was a severe blow to the British arms; but the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was still more decisive. It produced the most cheering sensation in the American Congress; the State Government, and all classes of people exulted with joy. "A new impulse was given to the public mind; but, above all, the ray of peace which now seemed to burst through the gloom of war was grateful to their souls." In England, the news was received with amazement and dismay, as the

asserts that a deep indentation in the southern chimney is the mark made by the ball of a nine-pounder, the gun having been fired by General Nelson, the owner of the house, who was compelled to evacuate upon the incoming of the British. Lafayette stopped here in 1824, and Mr. Nathaniel Taylor, the oldest inhabitant, informed me that he remembers having seen him at a review of the troops held outside the town shaking hands with every soldier as the warriors filed past. Apropos of the oldest inhabitant of the town, I was presented to a venerable darkey, who stated that he recollected the surrender of Cornwallis perfectly well. "How old are you?" I demanded. "Near a hundred," was the reply. "You couldn't recollect what occurred when you were but two years of age." "I do, sah, an' dis is all about it. Massa Washington came up to Massa Cornwallis, an' Massa Cornwallis was ridin' a cream-colored boss. Says Massa Washington to Massa Cornwallis, 'Git out ob dat! Git down, I tell you!' an' den, sah, Massa Washington drew Massa Cornwallis's sword, an' stuck it in the groun'. Dat's exactly what happened." This is verbatim—the old colored gentleman's story. *Si non e vero, e ben trovato.*

Through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Halstead, the owner of Temple Farm, upon which Moore House—the scene of the meeting between the commissioners respectively appointed by Washington and Cornwallis, to consider the terms of the capitulation—stands, we were afforded an opportunity of visiting this historical mansion. The house is of timber, oblong in shape, with a Mansard roof, the shingles of which are coated in the green velvet of moss. There are five windows in the roof and four on the facade, with the hall-door. The brick chimneys stick up like great red ears at either side, and both bear traces of "hard iron."

The room in which the capitulation was signed is up-stairs on the left. It was also Washington's apartment. It is low-ceilinged, with two windows, one at either side of the great open fireplace, looking east, and two deeply embrasured windows giving north, commanding a superb view of the river out to the bay. A closet is attached. I fancied



blow was as severe as it was unexpected, and it was now realized that a country may be overrun, but cannot be easily subdued, while the minds of the people continue hostile. Those who before disapproved of the war now spoke of it in terms of the strongest reprobation, and many who had formally given it their zealous support began to express a desire for peace. All classes became weary of the protracted struggle; the House of Commons began to waver, and on the 27th of February the Opposition carried an address against the prolongation of the war in America.

It is, then, to commemorate this all-important event in the history of our country that the Yorktownites have roused themselves, and that the corpse of the dead little town has been galvanized with a week's vitality. The artist and I struck this out-of-the-way region, via Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, and from thence by a small steamer, which, after electrifying two landings in East River, proceeded to the scene of Cornwallis's humiliation. Yorktown is situated on a low sandy bluff, and consists of a single street broken into fragments. The Yorktown Hotel—a red brick building two hundred years of age, and "run" by a cheery old warrior, who bears no less than seventeen wounds, all in front—stands in bold relief on one side of the street, while the original Custom House of this county and the Nelson mansion occupy the other. There are five pre-revolutionary buildings in the town, the remainder of the dwellings being made up, with two or three exceptions, of wooden shanties, occupied by the colored population, which stands at eighty per cent. The Custom House is a square building of the Queen Anne period, constructed of yellow bricks, still yellow, but clothed here and there with white dabs. Its roof is high, the shingles moss-covered. Its windows are long and narrow, and some of the remaining glass allowed in the light of that October morning ninety-eight years ago. The original door on the south side, "a brave bit of oak," still stands, and the cellars are now occupied by pigs. It is difficult to anchor the imagination on the fact that through this small dingy dwelling all the entries for New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia passed, that this was the Custom House of this enormous continent! The Nelson mansion is a superb specimen of its style of architecture, that of the First George. It is built of yellow imported brick, the string courses and architraves being of blood-red brick. A brick wall surrounds the garden, which is overgrown with huge box hedges, once thread-like and delicate borders. The oaken entrance-door has been coarsely replaced; but the walls are paneled in hard wood from cellar to garret. This house was the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis, and tradition

this apartment on the 19th of October, 1781—the commissioners engaged in their grave deliberations. The old oak staircase lined with officers, silent and flushed with earnest expectation; the troopers picketed on the grassy slope, in front, but a mile off; the beleaguered town, its dented earthworks swarming with red-coats, and away on the blue waters of the river the white sails of the French men-of-war. To-day, Moore House is used as a store for Mr. Halstead's agricultural implements; but he assured me that it is his intention to "fix it up" for the great commemoration in 1881. On the lands of Temple Farm formally stood a village founded by Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, the farm deriving its name from a church, or temple, of which nothing now remains but the outlines of foundation-walls and a tomb, the slab actually imbedded in the roots and trunk of a venerable catalpa-tree. The inscription, which is partly defaced, runs:

"Major William Gogch, of His
Died October 29th, 1653
Within this tomb there doth remain
No shape but substance true
Itself though young in years but
Yet grac'd with virtuous moral and
The church from him did good pay
In counsel rare fit to adorn a —"

A coat-of-arms and a helmet surmounted by a dog are very distinct. Mr. Halstead drove us along the line of earthworks thrown up by "Little Mac" during the civil war, lines in parallel with those formed by the besiegers in 1781. How history repeats itself! He also exhibited to us some nine-pounders plowed up by him—all records of a century ago.

In the Court House, the clerk, Mr. Hudgins, showed us a very quaint will, being dated 1631, in which the testator bequeaths his pigs down to the fourth generation of the existing stock in the sty. The National Cemetery at Yorktown is admirably kept by Mr. Schievan, an ex-federal, who was horribly wounded during the war, and who has built a small church, and presented it to the inhabitants in return for the Samaritan services rendered to him by a Confederate soldier on the field at Gettysburg. There are 2,182 graves in the cemetery, 1,434 of unknown and 748 of known persons. Close to the cemetery is the spot where it is alleged that Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. Formally a trophy stood there, but it has disappeared; there poplars were planted, until they, too, went, twig by twig. Now nothing remains to mark the site, and writers of history fail to agree on the subject. We were shown a cave on the bluff commonly known as Cornwallis's Cave, the owner whereof was busily engaged in removing the debris

of sand from the entrance. How the name of the unlucky British commander became associated with it, since he was neither a bandit or a smuggler, I leave to the historian.

GRAND NAVAL REVIEW AT FORTRESS MONROE.

THE event of last week in naval circles was the grand review in Hampton Roads of the vessels of the North Atlantic and training squadrons assembled there for that purpose. Secretary Thompson, accompanied by a number of naval dignitaries, reached Fortress Monroe in the *Tallapoosa* on the morning of October 14th, and was at once waited upon by the commander-in-chief, Rear-Admiral Robert H. Wyman and staff, and the captains of the fleet. The remainder of the day was devoted to an inspection of the armament and gunnery of the vessels, the *Saratoga*, Commander R. D. Evans, being the first visited. Immediately upon the arrival of the Secretary on board, the call to general quarters was sounded, the battery cast loose and every preparation made to attack an imaginary enemy. While the Secretary was inspecting the drill at great guns a target was towed 900 yards off the port beam, and as soon as it was in position fire was opened upon it with shell, shot and grape. The shooting was excellent, the target being struck three times, and almost every shot being effective. We give an illustration of the scene. On the *Portsmouth*, Lieutenant-Commander Crowinshield, which was next visited, an exhibition was given of "all hands abandon ship," in which, the vessel being supposed in a sinking condition, all hands take to the boats and life-rafts and desert her. On board the *Minnesota*, Captain S. B. Luce, a specialty was made of repelling an attack by torpedo boats, by Gatling guns and riflemen, composed of both sailors and marines. The frigate has about 350 boys on board; many of whom are from the West. The drill and examination of the boys was to decide who should wear a number of handsome medals that had been presented by friends as prizes. The first prize for seamanship, a handsome silver medal, was won by Thomas M. Johnson, who also secured two others. A beautiful medal, presented by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, was awarded to D. J. Donovan.

After an inspection of the *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," Commander O. F. Stanton, the *Kearsarge*, Commander H. F. Pickens, was visited, and from her a torpedo was fired, throwing an immense column of water into the air and showing how effective this weapon is at close quarters. From her the party went to the *Marion*, Commander F. M. Rauce; thence to the flagship, where the party were entertained by Admiral Wyman.

On the following day, the 15th, the forenoon was devoted to competition evolutions and exercises, and the afternoon to landing the naval brigade and boat exercise. At nine o'clock the flagship made signal for the *Saratoga* and *Portsmouth* to get under way and stand out to sea. Both these vessels are sailing sloops-of-war of the same class and tonnage, and both are manned by naval apprentices. When the signal was made they were lying to single anchors, with thirty fathoms of chain. As they ran out, the *Tallapoosa*, with the Secretary and party on board, got under way and followed them out of the harbor, signaling the vessels to proceed at will. Upon this the *Portsmouth* hauled her wind and beat back into the roads. The *Saratoga* set port stunsails and stood out. She was soon, however, signaled to return, the Secretary having seen enough, and gone back to view the evolutions of the vessels remaining at anchor.

These were exercised by signal from the flagship in the following: "Make out plain sail," "Clew up topgallant sails and royals," "Furl royals and send royal yards down," "Single reef topsails and set them with topgallant sails over them," "Clew up and furl topgallant sails," "Double reef topsails," "Single reef courses and set top-sails and courses thus reefed down topgallant yards," "Close reef topsails and courses," "Down jib and set foretopmast staysail," "Down topgallant masts and stay-sail," which terminated the exercises.

At noon the Secretary, having transferred his flag to the *Poquoson*, that vessel went to general quarters, exploded a torpedo from her starboard boom, fired at a target with great guns and used her Gatlings from the tops as would be done in an action at close quarters to clear an enemy's decks.

One of the most interesting incidents of the review was the landing of the naval brigade on the beach, under the walls of Fortress Monroe. Each ship sent a battalion of infantry, and the marines of the fleet formed an additional one. There were also two batteries of artillery, composed of howitzers and Gatling guns, a field hospital and all the equipments of a landing party, including signal men, pioneers, etc., all told, about one thousand strong. While the brigade was forming the Secretary's party left the *Poquoson* and entered the fort, on the parade-ground of which the force on shore were to be reviewed. The Secretary was met by General G. W. Getty and staff, and received a salute of seventeen guns from the fort. At a quarter to four o'clock the line of march was taken up, Captain S. B. Luce, of the *Minnesota*, being in command of the brigade. Entering by the main entrance of the fort, the troops were formed in line on the parade, and were then inspected by the Secretary and staff, and General Getty and staff, the party walking the whole length of the line, after which they took up a position in front of the brigade, which was marched in review by the commanding officer. The troops then marched back to their boats and re-embarked. The review was in every way a great success, and was witnessed by crowds of visitors from Washington, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and other towns. On the evening of the 13th a ball was given at the Hygeia Hotel, in honor of Secretary Thompson's visit.

Mortality in India from Snake-bites.

READERS will be startled to learn that, according to a return published in January, 1878, no fewer than 22,000 human beings lost their lives in India during the previous year by snake-bites. This lamentable sacrifice of life is occasioned not only by the cobra and krait, but by other deadly species, and notably by a snake barely a foot long, the *Echis carinata*, known also by the name of Kupper or Fodora. The effects produced by snake-bite vary according to the species. Thus, the bite of the cobra produces coma and speedy death, whereas the poison of others, such as Russell's viper, produces excessive pain, convulsions, and usually death. The bite of *Echis carinata* causes blood to ooze from the pores of the victim, who, after lingering for a week or more, succumbs to the fatal poison. The number of harmless snakes is enormously in excess of the venomous species, else the mortality would unquestionably be greater even than it is.